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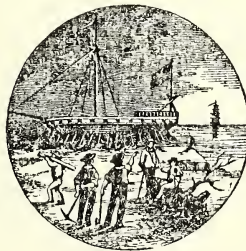
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MEMOIRS
OF THE
WORCESTER ASSOCIATION
OF THE
Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire,

INCLUDING
AN ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN, ORGANIZATION AND
PROCEEDINGS, WITH THE ADDRESSES, SPEECHES
AND POEMS AT THE ANNUAL RE-UNIONS

1880--1885

COMPILED BY ELLERY BICKNELL CRANE.



Worcester, Massachusetts
MDCCCLXXXV

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Printed and Published by Daniel Seagrave.
Worcester, Mass....July. M.D.C.C.LV.8.

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John Wentworth
HISTORY AND PROCEEDINGS
Chicago
Illinois

It was a happy thought, conceived within the mind of a native born son of the "Old Granite State," who had found a home in the busy city of Worcester, Massachusetts, and which inspired him to pen the following notice which appeared in the daily papers of that city during the early part of February, 1880: "The natives of New Hampshire, residing in Worcester, or Worcester County and Central Massachusetts, are requested to meet at Room 6, Mechanics Hall, Worcester, on Saturday evening, Feb. 7th current, at 7.30 o'clock, for the purpose of forming a Club or Society of the persons born or formerly residing in the "Granite State." In answer to that invitation nearly one hundred New Hampshire loving people assembled at the appointed time and place. The hearty greetings and friendly discussions that were there interchanged gave conclusive evidence that the respect and esteem for the old homes in the State of their nativity had neither been obliterated nor dimmed by long years of absence or the more recent and flattering prospects presented within their newly adopted homes; for however much they might revere the Old Commonwealth of Massachu-

setts they still entertained fond recollections and a lasting regard for the place of their birth.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Martin V. B. Richardson, who expressed pleasure at meeting so many persons who had been attracted thither by the invitation which had appeared in the newspapers of the day. He also spoke encouragingly of the proposed formation of an Association. A temporary organization was then effected by the choice of Charles E. Stevens, Esq., chairman, and Forrest E. Barker, Esq., secretary. William A. Gile, Esq., author of the invitation, explained the object of the call, and earnestly advocated the formation of a society of New Hampshire people. Remarks followed in which many persons took part, including the chairman, who joined heartily in the desire for organization, and on motion of Mr. M. V. B. Richardson, the following named persons, Ellery B. Crane, Martin V. B. Richardson, William T. McNeil, John W. Hadley and George N. Newhall were chosen by the meeting to constitute a committee to report a plan of organization, with a list of names of persons to serve as officers of the Association. Louis Friendly, George L. Clark, Jehiel Todd, and the Secretary were appointed to take the names, residence, and birthplace of persons present desirous of joining the Association.

By a vote, the committee on organization were instructed to name the Association "The Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire." And it was also decided to enlarge that committee by the addition

of the following named persons, Mrs. M. V. B. Richardson, Mrs. Wilson K. Lindsey, Mrs. Ephraim Tucker, Mrs. James P. Hall, and Mrs. Dexter Rice. The preliminaries having been fairly inaugurated, the meeting was adjourned, subject to the call of the committee on organization.

So promptly did the servitors of that proemial meeting perform their duties that only a week was consumed in the preparation of a report. On the evening of February 14th, the second meeting was held at the same place occupied by the previous gathering, Charles E. Stevens, Esq., presiding. All natives of New Hampshire present were authorized to vote on matters brought forward for action. The committee on organization, through their chairman, Mr. E. B. Crane, presented a report and recommended the adoption of the following

CONSTITUTION:

ARTICLE I.

The name of this Association shall be known as, "THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE."

ARTICLE II.

The purposes of the Association shall be to renew our love for our native land, to perpetuate fond memories of the old "Granite State," with her grand and lofty mountains, her rugged hills carpeted with green forests, beautiful and fertile valleys teeming with Yankee enterprise and industry—"The Switzerland of America," to cultivate a more thorough knowledge of her history while we strive to increase sociability among the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, three Vice-Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall be chosen by ballot. They shall hold office for one year from date of election, or until their successors are chosen.

ARTICLE IV.

A meeting shall be held annually on the first Monday in January for the election of officers, at which time there shall be chosen a committee of five members, who, together with the officers of the Association, shall constitute an Executive Committee who shall have in charge the general interest and management of the Society.

ARTICLE V.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings when present. In his absence, the First Vice-President shall preside. In the absence of the latter, the Second Vice-President shall preside; and in the absence of the first three officers the Third Vice-President shall preside.

ARTICLE VI.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all meetings of the Association, and also of the Executive Committee, and to record the same in a book belonging to the Society; to notify all members of meetings or of their election to office, and to preserve a list of members of the Association, together with a record of their birthplace in New Hampshire and their present residence or post-office address.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all money due the Association, or to receive contributions from its members, and to pay all claims against the Association after they have been approved by the President and Secretary.

ARTICLE VIII.

Every person a resident of Worcester or vicinity, and a native of New Hampshire or who is connected to a native by marriage, can become a member of this Association by signing the roll of membership.

On motion of Mr. Friendly, the report of the committee was accepted, and the articles as read were adopted as the Constitution of the Association.

The names of persons reported to act as officers for the current year were: For President, Hon. Frank H. Kelley; First Vice-President, Ellery B. Crane; Second Vice-President, Charles E. Stevens, Esq.; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Wilson K. Lindsey; Secretary, Forrest E. Barker, Esq.; Treasurer, Louis Friendly; Members of Executive Committee, Addison Palmer, John W. Hadley, William A. Gile, Esq., Mrs. Dexter Rice, and Mrs. Ephraim Tucker. All of which were duly elected and a committee consisting of Messrs. E. B. Crane and George N. Newhall appointed to wait upon the President elect, inform him of his election, and invite him to attend upon the meeting.

His Honor Mayor Kelley was found at his home, and on receiving notice of his election, returned with the committee, and in a brief address expressed his entire sympathy with the objects of the organization, accepted the election and assumed the chair.

The question of holding a social gathering or re-union was thoroughly discussed, and on motion of Mr. Todd, the Executive Committee were instructed to provide for and take in charge a social meeting or re-union of the Association to take place at an early day.

Pursuant to instructions, the Executive Committee selected the evening of March 25th as the time and Washburn Hall as the place at which to hold a re-union. Invitations were extended to the Governor of New Hampshire, Natt Head, and his staff to be present. The day was propitious and a large gathering was the result, 253 persons occupying seats at the banquet table. Many representative men of Worcester were present who were either natives of the "Granite State" or married wives from there.

Governor Natt Head and staff, who were the prominent guests of the occasion, arrived in town at 2.15 in the afternoon, and after dinner at the Bay State House were shown about the city by Mayor Kelley. Between 7 and 8 o'clock a reception was held in the west ante-room of Mechanics Hall, after which the company formed in procession and marched to Washburn Hall where tables had been tastefully prepared and liberally supplied with eatables by caterer E. C. Akers. The Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. W. T. Sleeper. Among the prominent men at the guests' table, besides the Mayor and Governor Head, were Gen. Burns, Judge-Advocate; Dr. Gallinger, Surgeon-General, and Col. Tuttle, of the Governor's staff; ex-Mayor Charles B. Pratt, J. H. Walker, Esq., F. T. Blackmer, Esq., W. A. Gile, Esq., and Charles E. Stevens, Register of Probate. Mayor Kelley presided, and Governor Head was most cordially received.

Between the posts in the rear of the invited guests' table were suspended two Union flags and the New Hampshire State banner, brought for the occasion by Governor Head.

After supper, Mayor Kelley called the company to order and announced Mr. E. B. Crane as toastmaster. The programme began with the familiar song, "The Old Granite State," by a quartette.

The first sentiment offered by the toastmaster was "The City of Worcester," and was responded to by Mayor Frank H. Kelley. He congratulated the natives of New Hampshire on the formation of an association where they could meet together, renew the memories of and love for the State of their birth. He quoted Scott's well known lines:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said :
This is my own, my native land.—"

He said the history of New Hampshire was co-incident with that of this great country. The sentiment reminded him that he was to speak of the City of Worcester. He briefly sketched the growth of the city from a small village to a large and thriving manufacturing city, and said much of the growth was due to the people who have come here from other localities and States. The large company showed that New Hampshire was well represented; and he also observed that many of Worcester's men had sought wives in New Hampshire, or they would have no claim to a place in the

gathering. He hoped they would be blessed in the future as they had been in the past. At the close of his remarks he introduced Gov. Head.

The Governor referred to his invitation from Mayor Kelley, and said when such a native of New Hampshire as the Mayor called on him he could not refuse to go when he was asked. He said when he went out of his own State he frequently found New Hampshire men in prominent positions. He felt that the natives of New Hampshire had something to be proud of; it could not boast so much of its agricultural productions as of the men it had produced. It had furnished numerous Governors of other States. Take prominent railroad men of this State,—Supt. Turner of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, Mr. Folsom of the Boston and Providence road, and Mr. Kendrick of the Old Colony are all natives of New Hampshire. He told several humorous stories which were received with laughter and applause.

Gen. Burns of Wilton, N. H., a member of the Governor's staff, was next introduced. He said New Hampshire was proud of two things, one was its beautiful women and the other was its Governor.

He said that statistics showed that New Hampshire was just a little ahead of Massachusetts in intelligence, and he believed in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and all New England, and in the New England way of doing things. Next to the love of the place of one's birth is the love of home.

He thought the audience represented many beautiful homes, and that love of home is the great power which keeps this country firm in its liberty; there are probably to-day 10,000,000 of homes in this nation, and they are the great safe-guard of its institutions.

At the close of Gen. Burns' remarks a piano solo was introduced by Mrs. Morgan.

The next sentiment was "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts," to which Mr. J. H. Walker responded. He thought there was no place in the world where man stands for man as in Massachusetts and New Hampshire and their sister States, Vermont and Maine, and next to them in the half-sisters Rhode Island and Connecticut; for he couldn't quite reckon them full sisters. He intimated that the reason why New Hampshire raised so many great men was because her soil would produce nothing else.

The next sentiment, "Merrimack County, the Heart of the Commonwealth of New Hampshire," was responded to by Mr. Charles E. Stevens of the Probate Court of Worcester County. He quoted the old sentiment that New Hampshire was a good State to emigrate from, and thought the framer of that saying builded better than he knew, for New Hampshire was *in truth* a good State to emigrate from. He felt a peculiar interest in Merrimack County, because it was the place of his birth, and because his father helped to bring that county into

existence.' The scenery of the county was praised, especially the beautiful valley of the Merrimack, and Kearsarge Mountain after which was named the immortal ship of Winslow that sunk the Alabama

¹ The Hon. Boswell Stevens, of Pembroke, for eleven years the Representative from that town, and Judge of Probate for Merrimack County, might justly be styled "the father of the county" in view of the legislative record. The county, lying on both sides of the Merrimack river and embracing within its limits the capital of the State, was constituted in the year 1823. From the Journal of the House it appears that on the 12th of June in that year, "agreeably to notice previously given by Mr. Stevens of Pembroke, he had leave to introduce a bill entitled, An Act to constitute a county by the name of Merrimack," &c. The second reading of the bill was ordered for the next day. On that day it appears that Mr. Stevens took a further step and "submitted a resolve that it is expedient to constitute a New County by the name of Merrimack," to be composed of twenty-three towns (the names of which are given) taken from the ancient counties of Rockingham and Hillsborough. The resolve and bill with all other papers relating to a new county were referred to a committee of the whole House and made the order of the day for the week following. At that time, after two sessions of the committee and after sundry unsuccessful attempts to amend the bill by including additional towns, and otherwise, it was referred to a select committee. By this committee, the original bill was reported back to the House without amendment, and, on the 26th, was ordered to a third reading. On the 27th, it "passed to be enacted" by a vote of 110 to 80. On the 28th, in the Senate, "a message was received from the House of Representatives by Mr. Stevens who presented for concurrence" the bill that had passed the House. The bill was referred to the judiciary committee, by whom it was reported back without amendment, was then debated in committee of the whole, and after further unsuccessful attempts to amend, was on the 30th passed to be enacted by a vote of 9 to 3. The Governor, Levi Woodbury, signed the bill and the new county was launched on its career. Less than three weeks sufficed for the whole business.

in the great naval duel of the Civil War.' Many of the prominent men of the county were also mentioned: among them were Isaac Hill, founder of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, United States Senator and Governor of the State; Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States; and the Websters, Ezekiel and Daniel, whose birthplace was in the northern part of the county in full and near view of Kearsarge. He closed, by reading the following original poem commemorative of

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I see him in his rustic home,
 An awkward boy with big black eyes
 And wondrous head, beneath whose dome
 A glorious future, sleeping, lies.

I see him now, Fair Dartmouth's son,
 His youthful brow with laurel twined,
 That glorious future well begun
 In the first triumphs of the mind.

I see him on the threshold stand
 Of the great forum of the law,
 With mien and aspect of command,
 And power from deepest wells to draw.

I see him in that Court Supreme
 Where Marshall sits, and Justice too,
 His Alma Mater's wrongs his theme,
 And he her loyal son and true.

He makes his plea, and Marshall bends,
 With glowing face, to grasp his thought;
 The links all forged, that pleading ends
 In chain of toughest logic wrought.

Henceforth, for all, in all the land,
 While Law's great fabric shall endure,
 The doctrine of that plea will stand,
 And chartered rights shall rest secure.

I see him in the Senate's hall,
 Among his peers, the peerless one:
 He speaks; and swift as cannon ball
 Heavy and hot from rifled gun,

The great philippic takes its course,
 And burning, crashing, hits the mark;
 DISUNION owns its fatal force,
 And Robert Hayne lies stiff and stark.

I see him stand on Bunker Hill
 Beside its shaft where heroes fell,
 And gathered thousands hush and thrill
 Beneath his words of magic spell.

I see him at the helm, and straight
 The floundering Ship sails on erect;
 All safe with him her priceless freight,
 Which, failing him, rude hands had wrecked.

I see him in the final hour
 At Marshfield, still supreme in death;
 Dying, he wields the victor's power,
 Crying, 'I still live,' yields his breath.

He sleeps beside the sounding sea
 Whose voice was music to his soul;
 That music shall his requiem be,
 While "the great ages onward roll."

"Our Invited Guests, the Sons of New Hampshire," was responded to by Dr. Gallinger of Concord, President of the New Hampshire Senate and a member of the Governor's staff. He said he had

heard it said that New Hampshire was a good state to emigrate from ; but he had found it a good state to emigrate to ; he was not a native of the state, but emigrated there from the far West. He spoke in praise of the farmers of the state, and said it was not true that its soil was unproductive. He mentioned Wm. P. Fessenden, John P. Hale, Horace Greeley, Zach. Chandler, and a host of others as natives of the state of whom it was justly proud.

" Our Revolutionary Patriots " was responded to by Rev. W. T. Sleeper of this city. He sketched the early history of the settlement of the state, mentioning several incidents and adventures of the early settlers. The patriots, John Langdon and John Stark, received an appropriate notice as did also Nathan Hobbs, who sacrificed his fortune to pay volunteers for the Revolutionary army. A tribute was paid to Daniel Webster, Marshall P. Wilder and Horace Greeley.

" The Sons of New Hampshire in the late war." Response by W. A. Gile, Esq., of this city. He spoke of the influence of the scenery of New Hampshire on the soldiers from that state, and said their love of home made them brave and gallant heroes ; their patriotism was heightened by the scenery of their native state.

" New England, her Religion and Liberal Education." Response by Hon. C. B. Pratt. He told several humorous stories to offset some of the " brag " of previous speeches, and read a tribute to New England character from manuscript.

"The Daughters of New Hampshire" was appropriately responded to by Mr. M. V. B. Richardson.

In addition to the performance of Mrs. Morgan, a violin solo was rendered very acceptably by Master Geo. R. Sumner, accompanied on the piano by his sister, Miss Mary; and singing by a trio consisting of Miss Morgan, Emma E. Palmer, and Mr. Gilbert S. Hadley. The singing by the quartette, including Messrs. Wm. A. and Fred T. Tateum, and Albert Tucker, was exceedingly good, contributing much to the entertainment of the evening.

The exercises continued until nearly midnight. The company seemed thoroughly pleased with the re-union, for it was pronounced by all to have been a complete success.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Association was held in Room 6, Mechanics Hall, January 8th, 1881, at which the following named persons were elected its officers for the ensuing year:—President, Ellery B. Crane; First Vice-President, Sullivan Forehand; Second Vice-President, John W. Hadley; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Wilson K. Lindsey; Secretary, Forrest E. Barker, Esq.; Treasurer, Louis Friendly; Executive Committee, Addison Palmer, Geo. N. Newhall, A. H. Fisher, Mrs. Daniel Seagrave, Mrs. L. R. Hudson.

It was voted to hold a Re-union, and the necessary instructions were given the Committee to enable them to proceed with the arrangements. Tuesday, Feb. 15th, was subsequently fixed as the day, consequently on the evening of that date, members of the Association assembled at Horticultural Hall to enjoy their Second Re-union.

PROGRAMME.

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| 1—MUSIC, | Richardson's Orchestra. |
| 2—ADDRESS, | President of the Association. |
| 3—ADDRESS, Subject, "New Hampshire and its Scenery," | Prof. E. H. Russell. |
| 4—RECEPTION of the New Hampshire Delegation. | |
| 5—MUSIC, Quartette consisting of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Munroe,
Miss Emma Dearborn and Mr. C. C. Woodman. | |
| 6—SOLO, | Mrs. Samuel Brown. |
| 7—READING, | Mr. C. C. Woodman. |
| 8—SOLO, | Miss Emma Dearborn. |
| 9—CHORUS, | Under the direction of Mr. C. C. Woodman. |
| 10—SOLO, | Mrs. A. C. Munroe. |
| 11—CHORUS. | |

Supper served from 6 to 12 o'clock.

Exercises from the platform to commence at 7.45 promptly.

Dancing from 10 to 1 o'clock.

The hall was well filled, nearly five hundred persons being present. The pleasing music discoursed by the orchestra had scarcely died away, when the President rapped the company to order, and spoke as follows:

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

One hundred and fifty years ago this present month, the fathers of New Hampshire were striving to establish for themselves an independent Province. For nearly one hundred years previous to that time, they had been paying tribute to the Colonial and Provincial governments of Massachusetts. Jonathan Belcher, then Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, had so far gained the ill-will of some of the prominent and influential people of the settlement north of the Merrimack, that they determined if possible to dispossess him of his official robe, and seek out a Governor of their own.

At this time (1732) the Province consisted of 2,946 ratable inhabitants (estimated at about 12,000 souls) occupying about 1,922 dwellings with 16,434 acres of improved land, 1,316 of these dwelling houses being of the aristocratic two-story pattern, while 606 of them were of more humble style of one story, and many of these no doubt in our day would hardly be considered worthy the title of dwelling houses. Could this little company of hardy adventurers have been brought compactly together they would have formed a town about the present size of the city of Fitchburg. They were scattered about in small towns and hamlets, some fifteen in number, from the Piscataqua river on the north, to the valley of the Merrimack on the south, while the farthest inland village was but a few miles distant from the sea-coast. They were a courageous, invincible little band, and by hard, persistent, unrelenting toil carried their point, just as New Hampshire people generally do.

In the fall of the year 1731, after many fruitless attempts on the part of representatives of the Province of New Hampshire to arrange with the authorities of Massachusetts for the establishment of the boundary lines for their Province, and not being satisfied with the fractional part of a Governor which Massachusetts had been pleased to accord to them, they determined no longer to treat with those who were seeking only to enfold them within their political web for the purpose of making them subjects to the grand high court at Boston, but to petition directly to George II., then King of England, to settle the perplexing question, and give them a Governor of their own.

Mr. John Rindge, a merchant of Portsmouth, with extensive and influential acquaintance in England, was then bound on a voyage to London, and he was selected as their agent to act in the matter. On his arrival there he petitioned the King, in February, 1732, to establish the boundaries of the Province of New Hampshire. Business requiring his immediate return to this country, he engaged the assistance of Capt. John Tomlinson, a merchant of London, who also had extensive acquaintance with the people of New Hampshire, having visited them several times in the capacity of a sea captain, and for whom he evidently entertained a deep interest. Tomlinson employed Ferdinando John Parris as solicitor, who gave the subject his assiduous attention, Mr. Rindge in the meantime supplying the money to keep the wheels in motion. The petition was referred to the Lords of Trade, and although much time was consumed in formal investigations it was quite apparent that the petition was well received, for King George viewed the scheme with the same selfish interest for the crown that Governor Belcher had displayed for Massachusetts. Five years had elapsed, while numerous important dispatches and voluminous petitions and counter petitions were passing between Old and New England as rapidly as the means of transportation at that time would permit, when in the month of February, 4th day, 1737, the King finally determined upon the principal heads of the commission that should mark out the dividing lines. The members of this commission were appointed from New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Nova Scotia, carefully avoiding to select them from those governments which would be likely to manifest partiality towards Massachusetts. The board of trade immediately wrote letters to the Governors of the several provinces from which the commissioners were chosen, informing them of their appointment. Those letters were presented by Mr. Parris to Mr. Tomlinson, who was to forward them to their destination by the first vessel bound for America.

Captain Tomlinson, who had been untiring in his endeavors to achieve a victory for the people of New Hampshire, in his anxiety that nothing should be left undone and in the flush of apparent success, not only sent the letters, but wrote to Messrs. Wiggin and Rindge, the committee on the part of New Hampshire with whom he had held correspondence, Feb. 15th, advising them to make all

necessary preparation and conform to the instructions, even naming the persons whom he thought they should appoint to manage the case before the commissioners, and after a considerable delay and waste of time, the commissioners in March, 1740, rendered their decision, granting to the young Province all and even more than she had asked for.

The southerly line was surveyed and marked out in February and March, 1741, by George Mitchell and Richard Hazen, while Walter Bryant ran out and marked a portion of the northerly line; and Benning Wentworth, a respected merchant of Portsmouth, was the first Provincial Governor receiving his commission from George II.

So many of the important transactions transpired within the month of February relating to the establishment of the boundary lines of this Province, that your committee have thought it advisable to hold this our second re-union within that historic month, and have fixed upon the 15th day, it being the 144th anniversary (allowing 11 days for the change of reckoning from the old style to the new) of the act of the King creating the commission which was to settle the vexatious problem, one of the crowning points for success in favor of New Hampshire people. And we now invite your attention to an entertainment to be presented entirely by New Hampshire talent, of which your committee in their research have found no scarcity in Worcester, but in abundance, and we take great pleasure in publicly announcing that not a refusal or a word of discouragement has come from those who have been solicited to take part this evening; that on the contrary, every encouragement that was needed has been freely accorded, reflecting, as we think, untold credit upon the Association and New Hampshire people generally; and your committee would extend their grateful acknowledgments to all persons who have in any way assisted them, and to those who have so kindly and generously given their time and ability for this entertainment we stand deeply indebted.

At our banquet so successfully carried out last March, we heard much said about New Hampshire people. Nearly the entire evening was given over to reviewing the great successes, possibilities and probabilities of native men and women of the Granite State. This evening we are to hear from one of her esteemed and honored sons something concerning the beauty and grandeur of the dear old State itself.

The President here introduced Prof. E. Harlow Russell who delivered the following address.

PROF. E. HARLOW RUSSELL'S ADDRESS.

The two dates at the head of our program card for this evening [1623—1880] intimate that New Hampshire has a history. For two centuries and a half, upon the narrow stage of our little state, the interesting drama of human society has been passing through the successive scenes of colonization, Indian wars, political revolution, industrial growth, intellectual development, immigration and emigration. But this is not the occasion, nor have I the knowledge and skill, to tell the romantic story. Our meeting has a social object, which must not be defeated by long speeches. Your attention shall therefore be taxed by only two or three points out of the many that might, under other circumstances, claim and reward our consideration.

When I think of the state of New Hampshire, I generally find myself regarding it in one or the other of two aspects; it either appears to me as a landscape of remarkable variety, beauty, and grandeur, or else as the nursery of a strongly marked type of men and women. In whichever way we look at it, New Hampshire is a state of no ordinary or commonplace character. It looks small on the map, but it is larger than Massachusetts by more than a thousand square miles; and its surface is so furrowed and crowded with hills that it is really much larger than it seems. You have heard of the reply of a New Hampshire farmer to a western man who taunted him with the insignificant smallness of his state: "Wal, sir, I allow that it is a good deal wrinkled and puckered up; but you smooth her out and iron her down flat like a prairie, and I calculate she'd be jest about as big as Ohio!" Now I have no doubt that the countenance of the shrewd native who made this remark bore considerable resemblance to the face of the country he was describing. It probably was rugged and shriveled. And perhaps his mind and character also would show a rough and hard outside, but would be found to expand upon acquaintance and reveal in many half hidden recesses original thoughts and fine feelings. Just as the human brain is full of convolutions, of ridges and furrows, looking like an attempt of nature to crowd and compress a large mass of matter into

the smallest space, so our native state, if looked down upon by a spectator sweeping over the country in a balloon, would appear to be the brain of New England.

Viewed simply as a landscape, New Hampshire condenses within its narrow boundaries every feature of natural scenery that men have agreed to call beautiful, picturesque, or sublime. On a map of the United States its 18 miles of sea-coast seems but a mere point at which it barely touches the ocean. But go and stand on the cliff of Boar's Head, with Hampton Beach on your right hand and Rye Beach on your left, and look eastward over the unresting sea, the vast Atlantic stretching from your feet 3000 miles to the shores of Spain, without an island to break its expanse; stand here for an hour in storm or sunshine and you will be convinced that the inhabitants of New Hampshire who love to look upon the sea need not go to Newport or Long Branch for a view of "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," unsurpassed on this continent for extent and magnificence. The ocean, then, that sublimest feature of the earth's surface, visits in all its majesty the shores of our native state.

Follow the course of the Merrimac from Nashua to Franklin, not forgetting to spend a half hour on the Pinnacle at Hooksett, and visiting, if you can, for a broader view the Uncanoonuc mountains near by, and you will behold a river valley which for variety, beauty, and fertility will compare with the Hudson and the Mohawk. Climb to the summit of Gunstock Mountain or Red Hill and take a look at the lakes—Winnepesaukee, Squam, Winnesquam, Ossipee—neither America nor Europe has in inland lake scenery anything fairer to show. Ascend the Pemigewasset or the Saco to their headwaters in the mountains; follow their silver windings through the dense forests and gloomy gorges of Franconia and Bartlett and Hart's Location, haunted still in their deepest recesses by the wolf and the bear—here you will find primeval wildness like that of the western sierras. Finally, stand at sunrise on the bare rocks of Mount Washington, and look down through clouds and mists upon the lesser peaks around you—that far-stretching sea of mountain billows, from Adams and Jefferson so close at hand that they threaten to break upon your very feet, away to Kearsarge and Monadnock in the blue southwest, so distant that they seem to beat upon some foreign shore.

From high-water mark at Hampton Beach you have ascended 6293 feet through every note in the scale of landscape beauty—plain, river, hill, lake, forest, mountain gorge, to the topmost peak of the northern states, bare of vegetation, wind-swept, half the time cloud-capped, with a climate precisely like that of the middle of Greenland; and in this marvelous journey your feet have not stepped outside the boundaries of the Granite state. Have we not good reason to be proud of a home made beautiful and grand, not by the wealth or art of man, but by the hand of the Creator himself? For a century artists and lovers of nature have made pilgrimages to these shrines of the picturesque, and no wonder. No wonder that New Hampshire scenes hang in every gallery of paintings; that books and poems have been written about them; that the more striking views have been multiplied by photographs and engravings till they are now as familiar as the Alps or the pyramids. No wonder that increasing thousands of pleasure-seeking tourists and of over-worked men and women of all classes, from poet and statesman to clerk and seamstress, throng to these valleys and hills every summer for rest and health and inspiration.

But, my friends, our love of the old home springs from a deeper source than the beauty of its scenery. When late autumn has come, and the leaves have fallen, and the last visitor has departed; when the harvest is gathered and the annual festival of Thanksgiving is approaching, then it is that *our* New Hampshire beckons us home. The winter campaign, it always seemed to me, is what fetches out the real grain of the New Hampshire people. The farmer rests from his desperate struggle with the soil and leads a more social and intellectual life. There are parties, and visiting, and religious meetings, and lectures, and lyceums, and spelling-matches, and singing schools,—and in our day there was the political excitement that always preceded election. Whoever has seen New Hampshire only in summer, is not competent to speak of the character of its inhabitants. Their social, intellectual and political life is lived mainly in winter; summer reveals chiefly the industrial side. Their industry is indeed a prominent feature, and one that plays a large part in making them what they are; it is the chief trait in many individuals; but it does not account for the whole of the New Hampshire character. There is in addition to this a certain strength of mind, a firmness and forti-

tude, self-respect, enterprise, shrewdness, common sense, steadiness and persistency of purpose,—and combined with these a frankness and simplicity of manners and a deep religious instinct and tendency, that go to make up the New England character in general and the northern New England character in particular. For it seems to me that New England divides itself into two distinct zones, northern and southern. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont stand together; so do Connecticut and Rhode Island; while Massachusetts holds a middle position, being a sort of key-stone that completes the arch and holds it in place. Now the northern New England character I cannot separate—it appears pretty much the same in all the three states. In climate, soil, institutions, and mode of life, all northern New England is substantially one state, one community; in which the qualities and virtues I have briefly indicated still thrive, as they have thriven for a hundred years, handed down as a rich legacy from generation to generation. This character not only clings to the resident population of these hills, but goes with those who emigrate, and can be warranted to keep in any climate.

And we meet to-night, my friends, to celebrate our good fortune in having been born and reared in a community where qualities of mind and heart always held the highest place, and where the institutions of education and religion were and are respected and upheld. I remember as a boy hearing an old man say, "My religion larns me that there are sixteen ounces in a pound, and four pecks in a bushel, and a hundred cents in a dollar!" Another man of the same stamp was selling some veal to my father. I watched him with a child's interest as he solemnly prepared to weigh it with rusty, old-fashioned steelyards. When the beam first tipped I said eagerly, "That's it." "*That's it!*" said the old man, in a tone that rebuked my haste, "we must try it over and over agin, to see whether 'tis sartainly right or not!"

I was honored this winter by a visit from a New Hampshire woman with whom I boarded while teaching school, many years ago. Her husband died some eight years since, very suddenly, leaving her with five children and a small property, encumbered, as she discovered to her surprise, with a debt of \$600. She was appointed administratrix, and such was her pride and energy that, by delaying the settlement of the estate as long as possible, and scraping together

in the meantime all the money she could (mainly by making charcoal and taking summer boarders), she managed to clear off the debt, and so presented her husband's property to the probate court free and unencumbered.

The opening up of the great West has operated for the last twenty-five years to draw away from New Hampshire, as from the rest of New England, large numbers of enterprising young men. The growth of manufacturing industries during the same period has still further reduced the rural population by creating a tendency to migrate to cities and villages. Farms have run out and been abandoned; timber has disappeared; the wealth and prosperity of many a hamlet have departed. But the institutions and the valiant spirit that have made these people what they are, are still bravely kept up. There is no thought of giving up the church or the school. And it is surprising what intelligence and power of thought one occasionally meets with on these bleak hillsides. Only the other day, at a teachers' convention in Boston, I heard a school officer of the state of New Hampshire give an interesting incident of his experience the present winter. He was visiting a district school in a remote rural town, and in the course of a reading exercise had the curiosity to ask a few questions of a bright looking lad, to test his knowledge and understanding of the lesson. The boy answered with so much intelligence that the questioning was continued for half an hour, "and I found," said the visitor with enthusiasm, "that that fair haired boy of a dozen years old, who had probably never been outside of his native state, possessed a mind of such grasp and acuteness, and had acquired such stores of interesting and accurate information on a wide variety of subjects, that he would not have been out of place in the best college in the land." Whatever the defects or disadvantages under which these country district schools labor, there is one precious thing they seldom fail to give, and that is a genuine thirst for knowledge. And this is their superiority over the crowded, over-worked, over-classified schools of our cities. What enthusiasm they sometimes show. I remember in such a school, of which it was my good fortune to be master more than 20 years ago, on one of the bleakest hills of Grafton county, upon going into the entry one day I saw hanging up there *five pairs of snow shoes*, on which my

brave boys had crossed the fields that morning to taste the sweets of learning.

I have spoken of the enterprise of our New Hampshire ancestors, but I am aware that the opposite quality of conservatism is not unknown among them. One of our neighbors used to deplore the tendency of the times towards new-fangled notions. He believed in the infinite superiority of old-fashioned things. I remember hearing him say once, in winding up a general denunciation of the plaguey spirit of innovation, that there were two things he hoped he never should have to come to, and those two things were—a “cook stove and a glass lantern.”

I have heard my mother tell of an ancestor of mine—who, I regret to say died before I was born, for I should like to have made his acquaintance—who was so passionately opposed to all traveling shows, that once, when a menagerie (or caravan, as we used to call it,) went right by his door, he refused to look even at the elephant, and deliberately turned his back upon the ungodly concern, and worked away spitefully at his woodpile.

But we must not forget that the virtues as well as the prejudices of this strong Puritan race have tough roots, and can stand terrible winds of temptation. And this firmly rooted integrity is our priceless inheritance; this it is that we celebrate to-night. And we do well to cultivate it, and keep the memory of it green. I hope we shall not forsake the assembling of ourselves together in the name of New Hampshire, to renew, amid our busy cares and occupations, the tender and wholesome associations of our early years. New Hampshire is a noble mother; let us be, at least, affectionate sons and daughters. Let us ever renew and cherish a filial attachment to the land of our birth. Let it be said of each of us as the poet Goldsmith sings of the mountain born Switzer:

“And as a child whom scaring sounds molest
Clings close and closer to its mother’s breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar
But binds him to his native mountains more.”

At the conclusion of Prof. Russell’s address the announcement was made that a delegation had arrived direct from the old granite hills and were

awaiting admission to the hall. They were at once admitted and created much merriment by their odd appearance, nearly a dozen of them dressed in costumes of a hundred years ago. The musical portion of the entertainment was exceedingly enjoyable. The singing by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Munroe, Miss Emma Dearborn, and Mr. C. C. Woodman, was especially well rendered, and also the song by Mrs. W. S. Robinson of Boston. The chorus under the direction of Mr. C. C. Woodman gave some fine selections, while the comic and character songs rendered by Mrs. Samuel Brown amused and entertained the audience, greatly, also the reading by Mr. C. C. Woodman was well received.

Refreshments were acceptably served in the upper hall, and dancing after the music of Richardson's Orchestra closed the evening's entertainment.

An admission fee of twenty-five cents for adults and fifteen cents for children was charged to cover the expense attending the re-union.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting for the year 1882 was held on the evening of January 2nd, in the Library Room of Horticultural Hall. The Treasurer, Mr. Louis Friendly, made a report showing that all

claims against the Association had been cancelled, leaving a balance of \$12.95 in the treasury.

By vote of the meeting a committee, consisting of Messrs. Daniel Seagrave, Wilson K. Lindsey and Joseph E. Fales, was appointed to nominate a list of candidates for officers of the Association for the ensuing year.

The following report was made: For President, Ellery B. Crane; Vice-Presidents, Sullivan Forehand, John W. Hadley, Mrs. Wilson K. Lindsey; Secretary, Forrest E. Barker; Treasurer, Louis Friendly; Executive Committee, Addison Palmer, Geo. N. Newhall, A. H. Fisher, Mrs. Daniel Seagrave, and Mrs. L. R. Hudson.

The report was accepted, and the persons duly elected as officers of the Association.

It was also voted that a re-union be held, and that the exercises be of the same general character as those adopted at the one held the preceding year. A committee composed of the Officers and Executive Committee having the matter of details in hand, selected Thursday evening, February 23rd, as the time for the meeting.

Pursuant to a vote of the Association, invitations were extended to the Presidents of the Vermont and Maine Societies to be present at our re-union.

The Third Re-union was held at Horticultural Hall, at the date above named, a very large gathering in attendance.

PROGRAMME.

- MUSIC, Richardson's Orchestra.
 CALL to order and remarks by the President, E. B. Crane.
 ADDRESS, Rev. J. J. Putnam.
 QUARTETT—"We have come from the mountains of the Old Granite State," Miss Hattie M. Cummings, Mrs. A. C. Munroe, Messrs. C. C. Woodman and A. C. Munroe.
 ORIGINAL POEM, Prof. E. H. Russell.
 SONG—"When the leaves begin to fall," White, Miss Cummings.
 READING, Mr. C. C. Woodman.
 DUETT—"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," Horn, Miss Cummings and Mrs. Munroe.
 QUARTETT—"Echoes from New Hampshire hills," Miss Cummings, Mrs. Munroe, Messrs. Woodman and Munroe.
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REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Natives of New Hampshire and Friends:

It gives me great pleasure in behalf of the officers of this Association, to extend to each and every one of you a hearty welcome to this the Third Re-union of the Sons and Daughters of the Old Granite State. Again we have come together to do honor to our native Commonwealth, and to place on record another expression of our reverence and esteem for the place of our nativity, to exchange salutations and mingle with those who share a common interest in a true and lasting regard, and a genuine patriotic love for our native soil and the institutions she bears.

Why is it that we are thus so readily drawn together? Why is it that we look back to those granite hills with such memorable pride and fond admiration? Why is it that organizations similar to that of our own have been formed in other parts of the country, where native born sons and daughters of New Hampshire have found new homes? It seems to me we have other than the ordinary feelings that persons may entertain for the places in which they were born. Something broader, deeper, and more universal than mere desire of coming together.

There are, at least, three good reasons why we should cherish and revere those familiar haunts. Everyone, who is conversant with the early history of our State, knows full well the trials and hardships, the almost unbearable privations and sufferings, experienced by those early settlers. How they not only had to fortify themselves against the ravages of wild beasts, cold, and hunger, but the keen-eyed, lurking savage, who was ever on the alert to take the life of the father and carry the mother with her children captives into Canada, there to sell them into slavery. And it is a matter of no surprise that homes acquired amid such trials and under such circumstances were cherished with more than ordinary fondness by their founders; and those brave pioneers *stamped upon their children* that noble characteristic, *love of home*, and it has been perpetuated from generation to generation.

How it stirs our blood, quickens our imagination, and fills us with delight, as we look back to those *picturesque bills and vales* coursed by clear, quick-running streams; those craggy steepes with their rich carpets of green; those sublime and majestic peaks that pierce the clouds with their rock crowned heads,—the pride and boast of every New Englander, *our Switzerland*.

Every native of the Granite State turns with supreme satisfaction to the long roll of *illustrious men* who have been cradled on that sterile soil, many of whom have attained the most honorable positions in State and National Councils, graced the chair of the Professor, and given dignity to the Judge's Bench; while others, pursuing the humbler walks and avocations of life, have through the means of powerful intellects, strong wills, and vigorous constitutions, achieved a renown which not only exalted them high above their contemporaries, but have cast a most flattering and honorable reflection upon the home of their youth.

We have a gentleman with us this evening who has been collecting some facts concerning New Hampshire men, and I presume you will all take pleasure in giving your attention to the Rev. John J. Putnam, who will now address you.

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN J. PUTNAM.

Mr. President, Sons and Daughters of the Old Granite State:

The passing hour invites to mutual congratulations on the occasion of this gathering, drawn together as we are by the pride and love of a common birthplace, and to revive the memory of home-scenes, always warmly cherished by those whose hearts, amid all that is buffeting and wearisome in life, retain their youthful susceptibility and romantic ardor. The love of the race, sending kind wishes and beneficent aid round the circle of the globe, is extolled as Philanthropy. Fervent attachment to the country under whose protecting laws and ministering institutions one entered upon his career, however it may compare or contrast with other civilized sections, is a sentiment that has always ranked high on the scale of moral virtues, and bears the name of Patriotism, ineradically stamped in every loyal heart. But, less broad and inclusive than the habitable earth, or any national domain, is the charmed spot, the town or neighborhood, the mansion or hut, where conscious personal existence had its birth. This first launching of immortals upon the shores of time—this marvelous advent to a world whose mysteries necessitate an eternity for their solution, deserves somehow to be signalized and turned to sober account. In this matter, what our intelligence suggests and our reason approves, our inborn instincts prompt us to do. The home-feeling early takes possession of the heart, never to be expelled from its inmost recesses so long as it has any warmth of kindly spirit or strength of virtuous purpose. It is as Cowper's lines run:—

“The fond attachment to a well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day.”

We are here, then, at the dictate of spontaneous natural feeling. We are here because of ties and sympathies which we share in common. Let me not be so prosaic as to lend a tone of heaviness to what might otherwise be an exhilarating and jubilant re-union. If any dry utterances are to come before the program of the evening will be completed, better that they be listened to now than later. Kindling reminiscences, wit, anecdote, sociability, with such festivi-

ties as are in order, may more than atone for what I shall inflict upon you in this opening address.

An observing sojourner, of quick perception and impartial judgment, after surveying the broad extent of the Union, and being suitably impressed with the distinguishing characteristics of one and another state embraced in our far-reaching republic, while honoring the sentiment which controls us at this hour, might at the same time commiserate us for having migrated from a section so comparatively uninviting as our native territory. Yet, if it were spoken in our hearing, how quickly should we repel his sympathy. We are proud to have come from whence we did, and the parts we left are not Nature's shabbiest remnant, fashioned by a careless touch of the great Master's hand; nor from time immemorial have they been in the possession of nobodies. Any hint of obscurity, or lack of historic glory, would naturally provoke to a task, which fortunately we may enter upon with fond assurance. There is nothing to repress enthusiasm in the natural features presented by the Old Granite State. Fastidious taste and cultivated art cannot but be overawed in the presence of her grand scenery; and, losing the critical, be lifted up into a worshipful mood. We know how sterile is much of its soil, how rugged and bleak are its hills, how hoarsely the winter winds howl around many a rudely built habitation, and that no imagination is required to render dismal many a scene of desolation. Indeed, it is a rough country, yielding scanty returns to the tiller of the soil; and, in the absence of fertility and abundance, forcing its inhabitants to exhaust both their wits and physical energy in obtaining the necessities of existence. Still, there are contrasts and alleviations which experience has proved adequate to hold there a goodly population. There are forests, streams, lakes, vales, nooks, and verdant hillsides, among which contented dwellers, simply and unostentatiously, have worked out life's problems as thoroughly as has been done in many other favored places. And as to transient visitors, who may be trusted in the selection of the most attractive health and pleasure resorts during the vacation period, half the world, if the annual hegira continues, is likely to have personal inspection of a bit of territory which it is ours to invest with the charms and sanctity of the home feeling. There must be something impressive and inspiring in the sky-piercing summits, bold scenery and invigorating atmos-

phere, passionately sought by fashionable idlers, tourists, overworked students, professional and business men, or the region would not annually swarm with multitudes coming from far and near. What the Alps are to Switzerland the White Mountains are to New Hampshire. And naturally there is kinship between peoples, however separated by distance or stamped by national characteristics, whose surroundings make the same impression of the sublime and picturesque. Nowhere so much as in high elevations is the spirit of Freedom invigorating and dominant. Israel's royal shepherd-boy and psalmist breathed a true inspiration in the words,—“I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my strength.” Strength from the mountains and repose in the intervening valleys!

But it is not location or physical features of country that we make the ground of our partiality when our thoughts turn to the scenes of our earlier years. Let it be that these are surpassed elsewhere, and still our fondness has its justification, and is no blind attachment. Rising to more elevated considerations, summoning into the foreground of our mental vision the array of illustrious men who have given distinction to the state of their nativity, it may not be unseemly, in this unrestrained family meeting, to indulge a little in boasting. Names, without meagre biographies, are about all that can be spoken; and the omissions will be so numerous that the selections made may seem invidious.

That military hero of the Revolution, General Stark (1728) of Londonderry, affords a luminous name to place first on our roll of fame. Born in the same town (1776) was Arthur Livermore, who became Judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and was Representative in Congress. He was of distinguished parentage; his father Samuel, a native of Maine, but during his entire active life a resident of New Hampshire, having achieved even more eminence than his son. Yet another son of Londonderry, Samuel Bell (1770), held the offices of Judge of the Supreme Court, Governor, and United States Senator. A notable trio to hail from so obscure a locality. Samuel Dana Bell (1798), a son of the governor, was born in Francistown, and rose to the dignity of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and the position of Vice-President of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. Hon.

Jeremiah Smith, LL. D., was born in Peterboro' in 1759. He was eminent as a scholar, jurist, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, and Governor of New Hampshire. He had large acquaintance with books, and fine literary taste.

Not observing closely chronological order, or attempting any classification, later on the stage appeared the pride of Salisbury, the lawyer, orator, statesman, diplomatist of world-wide renown, the centennial anniversary of whose birth has so recently been celebrated. With a head "and front like Jove himself;" with a massiveness of mental strength that dwarfed mediocrity into insignificance; with a grasp of thought and gift of eloquence that won for him peerless pre-eminence; beyond all doubt he was the rarest product of any of the sisterhood of states. For the purpose it is now made, this statement should go unchallenged, whatever special conclusions might result from a thorough analysis and microscopical inspection of this prodigious specimen of human nature. As a type of colossal manhood, as the "godlike" in form and endowment, our country has failed to produce his equal. We do not turn from a giant to a pigmy, when our thoughts pass from Daniel Webster (1782), to Salmon P. Chase (1808), who first saw light in the uninviting town of Cornish, but attained in his maturity to the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This same town is the birthplace of Philander Chase, (1775), who was Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Illinois; and also of Dudley Chase (1771), who reached the highest positions, legislative and judicial, in the neighboring state of Vermont, and was U. S. Senator from that state. From Francistown came Levi Woodbury (1789), who honorably discharged the duties of Justice of the Supreme Court, Governor, United States Senator, and Secretary both of the Navy and Treasury. The town of Jaffrey is the birthplace of the eminent jurist, Joel Parker (1795), of whom Harvard University had so great need in the equipment of its Law Department. He made an enduring reputation before he left his home. One President of the United States, Franklin Pierce (1804), is claimed by the town of Hillsboro',—a distinction shared by only eight other states of the Union, since the formation of the government. Hon. Henry Wilson, born in Farmington (1812), by a marvelous force of character and persistency of application, unaided by the scholastic

training and social propping which are thought indispensable to an entrance upon a distinguished career, worked his way to public notice, served humane causes with noble, self-denying philanthropy, secured political stations of honor and trust, the most conspicuous of which was the Vice-President of our republic. Another astonishing career is that of Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, born in Deerfield (1818). Eminent as a lawyer and politician,—a marvel of executive energy,—turning from civic to military life only to rise soon to the rank of Major-General U. S. Army,—a Member of Congress, and Governor of Massachusetts. What an illustration of achievements wrought by indomitable pluck and versatile talent! Then come the names of the two Jewells, Marshall and Harvey, born in Winchester, the former having held the office of Postmaster General, Minister to Russia, and Governor of Connecticut; the latter having secured prominence as a lawyer in Boston, and Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Joseph Emerson Worcester, of Bedford (1784), started on the pathway to fame by preparing several works on Geography and History. The great and surpassing result of his industry is embodied in his Dictionary, for which many scholars of repute claim superiority over any other of the English language. Dr. Worcester was a member of many learned bodies, both in this and in foreign countries. Salma Hale (1787), a son of Alstead, besides creditably filling several responsible public stations, prepared a history of the United States for the use of schools, which was long and widely used as an approved text-book. Prof. Ira Young, a native of Lebanon, for many years professor at Dartmouth College. His son Charles A., also professor at Dartmouth, more recently professor at Princeton, and admitted to hold a leading place for his proficiency in Astronomical Science. Ammi, the brother of Ira, at a time when architects were not turned out with the hurry and facility of later years, was thought worthy by careful and exacting supervisors to prepare plans for such public structures as the State House of Vermont, the Boston Custom House, and what may interest us as much the Stone Court House at the North End. The Appletons, Samuel (1766), and Nathan (1779), one a sound writer on Political Economy, and the other a leading manufacturer and philanthropist, left

their modest home in New Hampshire for the larger sphere they proved themselves competent to fill.

Of the celebrated divines claiming our swift notice, Noah Worcester, of Hollis (1758), was a bold controversial writer, and published several books and treatises on theological subjects. He was the founder of the Massachusetts Peace Society. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, born in Portsmouth (1784), was an exceptionally rare man. His only settlement was over the Brattle-Street Church, Boston; and although he died at the age of twenty-eight, the American pulpit may justly claim him as a bright particular star. His cultivated auditors received his ministrations with extreme enthusiasm, and the marvel of his evenly balanced mind, scholastic attainments, polished rhetoric and magnetic power was such at the very threshold of manhood, that large hopes were blighted by the early termination of a brilliant and useful career. More recently public attention has been sorrowfully turned to another prominent divine, Henry W. Bellows, who was *buried* if not born in New Hampshire, his remains having been borne for interment from the chief metropolis of the country to the long-familiar and loved banks of the Connecticut. His like or equal, taken all in all, it will be a painfully tedious waiting before those who knew him will again behold.

In the Medical profession I am not informed who that were natives of New Hampshire have acquired more than a local reputation. Dr. Amos Twichell, born in Dublin (1781), but long a resident of Keene, was pronounced by high authority a physician and surgeon of uncommon skill. He was said to possess the qualifications which, had some additional spur of circumstance or push of ambition taken effect on his naturally lethargic temperament, would have brought him into the front rank of his profession. He was a classmate of Daniel Webster; and his large head and overshadowing eyebrows gave him a striking resemblance to his illustrious college companion. Jerome Van Crowningshield Smith, born in Conway (1800), was a physician and author of distinction. He held the chair of professor of Anatomy and Physiology in a Medical College in New York City,—established the *Boston Medical Intelligencer*,—edited the *Boston Weekly News Letter*,—produced in 1833 a work on the Natural History of Fishes,—also a Class Book of Anatomy, Pilgrimage to Egypt, and Mechanism of the Eye. He was member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1837, and mayor of Boston in 1854.

Nathaniel Greene (1797), from Boscawen, and Horace Greeley (1811), from Amherst, made their mark as journalists and authors, while some creditable literary work was done by a female writer, Sarah J. Hale (1790), a native of Newport. She won her place only as she removed those obstructions which possibly are less formidable than are pictured by the most resolute and exasperated modern advocates of woman's rights. Alphonzo Wood (1810), the Botanist, and author of a series of text-books in this department, was born in Chesterfield; also Larkin G. Mead, the Sculptor of increasing celebrity. The family residences of the two last mentioned were but a few rods from the homestead of my youth. If Brattleboro, Vermont, warmly contends for the distinction of being the birthplace of Mead, the most that will be conceded is that it may *barely* be so. Give us his exact age, and the date of his father's removal from Chesterfield to Brattleboro, and the controversy can be settled at once. One of Rochester's heroic sons, John P. Hale (1806), was a sterling man in politics in Free Soil times, and won the honors of a United States Senator and Minister to Spain. Agriculturists, Horticulturists, Genealogists, and I do not know how many others engaged in different occupations and business, will look to Rindge as the earliest home known to Marshall P. Wilder (1798), long an enterprising and esteemed citizen of this Commonwealth.

Not forgetting that Music is one of the fine arts, and that to no mean locality could there come inspiration from the Goddess of Song, we will pay one tribute of honor to the Hutchinson family, who, while such exhibitions were a novelty, traversed continents, delighting audiences with the harmonious blending of voices, ringing out the glad notes of freedom ere yet the grandest victory of freedom had been won, and proudly singing at every entertainment,—

“We have come from the mountains of the Old Granite State.”

How far this “tribe of Jesse” overcame stubborn political prejudice, and prepared the way for an enthusiastic popular endorsement of the crowning act of the administration of the immortal Lincoln:—what prophets they were of the approaching glad year of jubilee, may be indicated by the lines that follow:—

"We're the friends of Emancipation,
And will sing the proclamation,
Till it echoes through the nation,
From the Old Granite State."

Is it true that popular songs more than legal codes shape the history and determine the destiny of a people?

How far is it safe to follow advice dictated by envy and embittered by irony, I am not positive; but a jealous friend, not of our family, assured me that the galaxy of New Hampshire's illustrious sons would not be shown in complete splendor, unless the brilliant group included Harrington, the juggler and ventriloquist. I have not looked up the nativity of this celebrity; but if he originated in New Hampshire, he is not the only man from that state who has proved an adept in the art of producing illusions. His were *visual*, and others' *mental*; but these last have left bitter regrets among Massachusetts capitalists, who some time have been closeted in conference and negotiation with their up-country neighbors, and joined them in enterprises which have turned out to be disproportionately in the interest of the latter. Did ever an expert manipulate a finer piece of jugglery, than for a few homespun sort of folk, by plausible showing from maps and statistics, to convince the managers of a prosperous, conservative corporation, with headquarters in the intelligent centre of this commonwealth, that only its co-operation and financial aid were required to supply a short link of railroad connexion, and thus open a big thoroughfare, soon to be choked with travelers and freight destined for the seaports of Portland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and all Europe! If this was not sharply outdoing Harrington in the way of illusion, let us know what it was. Such a stratagem, wrought by the most subtle mental legerdemain, is at least of interest to the psychologist.

Now that I have been lead to speak of one master of magic art, let me state as a curious piece of information which I recently obtained, that Potter, the celebrated exhibitor and real genius, whose performances were unequalled in their line sixty or seventy years ago, sleeps in his grave in the town of Andover, N. H. I am told that some years since the survey of a projected railroad was in the line of this grave; and as a result of a protest before the legislature, a refusal to have the remains disturbed was obtained.

But the more conspicuous persons of any locality are not entitled to exclusive regard. In rural sections of country, or in sparse settlements, the vast majority of inhabitants must be plain people, giving themselves to the dull routine of small service and humdrum affairs, aiming to make no brilliant record, but to supply themselves with the means of physical comfort, make some additions to their mental stores, discharge the obligations of citizenship, and cultivate those sterling virtues which are too much ignored in artificial society. Were it not a proved fact, a bright mind would see at a glance, that an average New Hampshire population of necessity would be a hardy stock of industrious and frugal habits, accustomed to grapple with stern realities face to face, unspoiled by the vices and conventionalities of large cities, impatient of all tyrannies, and generally inclined to sober and sensible ways. Such are the leading characteristics known to this assembly as belonging to dwellers around their ancestral homes. In this swift, sensational age, when a headlong plunge into speculation and extravagances makes the jogging pace of a former generation, content with modest country living seem intolerable, a false estimate is sure to be placed on those qualities of manhood and womanhood which, in our earlier years, we were taught to admire and emulate. It is the old story of rapid accumulations, showy splendor, rivalries and competitions, formalities and hollowness, appearing as infallible signs of moral and political degeneracy, even while insane crowds are imagining that they are advancing with unprecedentedly rapid strides towards the goal of all worthy ambition.

In the matter of Education, common and advanced, our native state has fallen into no shame. Dartmouth College (1769), Phillips Exeter Academy (1781), and Kimball Union Academy (1812), have borne excellent reputations and done good work. And well I remember the enthusiasm kindled in the south-west section of New Hampshire, close to old Monadnock, by the well-directed, methodical, persistent efforts of one of the pioneers in the cause of the improvement of common schools, Rev. Dr. Leonard (1790), an adopted son of Dublin, and for thirty-five years the chief maker of its history. A man who, in the pulpit, was the personification of dullness, and in conversation, not inspiring, in his own practical way undertook school-reform in the town of his residence, and waked up the surrounding country to a sympathetic movement, carrying his

projects by slow degrees, till he came to be recognized as the foremost man of that region in educational work. He wrought almost miraculous changes among the population with which he had more immediately to do, and fully merited the honor which was accorded him in the region thereabout, in being called the Oberlin of New Hampshire. The measures of personal influence defies all human calculation.

Quitting our native hills, in this restless, migratory, fortune-seeking age, for such reasons as led to the step in individual cases, our wandering has not been afar. We can almost see, these wintry mornings, the smoke curling from the chimneys leading from the hearths around which we clustered in childhood's days. We can almost hear the sound of the church bells that were familiar to our ears in boyhood and girlhood. Hardly have we wandered at all, as adventurous explorers measure distances. But we are called upon to say, in becoming gratitude for the pleasant lines cast for us, and for the hospitable welcome we have received where we have elected to take up our abode, that we enjoy a large measure of contentment, and are put on our good behavior by the character of the society into which happily we have been introduced. A recent census shows that fifty-four thousand of the population of this state are natives of New Hampshire. The world knows the glorious history of Massachusetts, and can repeat the names, one by one, that illumine its pages. Our judgment will be commended in choosing to share in so priceless an heritage as has been secured for our generation by the founders and preservers of our grand Commonwealth. While the transference of citizenship subjects us to another local government, the double duty imposed by legislative enactment, but none the less binding on conscience, should spur us to our best endeavor, that both the home of our birth and adoption should be slightly more radiant and blissful because of our goodly doings.

The time of your release is at hand. I will detain you only to add, that the occasion invites to freedom and fellowship. Social constraint and cold isolation must not mar the pleasure of the evening. Strangers on the street, let us be as old-time acquaintances here. Bear the repetition that for once we are a family. The patriarch of the assembly will be heard with deference, as weakened memory stretching over years and decades, fastens on some scene of

delight or sorrow, and in broken accents he unburdens his soul. But are we not herè also to relish the quaint and ridiculous; to revive recollections of the absurd and grotesque; to tell a story or sing a song, as in days of yore; in a word to follow unconstrainedly our own sweet will, not fearing that the bounds of reasonable propriety will be overstepped. It is a profound sentiment that rules the hour, over and over again breathed in poetry and ardent speech, and we willingly surrender ourselves to its overmastering control. The chord which now vibrates in us at the touch of memory, has thrilled millions of hearts before we were born; and the springs and motions of our common nature will be the same throughout the ages.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light;
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth;
Time-tutored age, a love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole,
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home."

ORIGINAL POEM BY PROF. E. H. RUSSELL.

The theatre in Shakspeare's time, we're told,
Was rude and bare, a shanty in a field;
Small was the audience its walls could hold,
Meagre the pageant that its art could yield.—
Its stage with rushes strewn, by torches lit,
Its actors marked by coarseness more than wit.

But Shakspeare's genius, on that narrow stage
Could hold the mirror up to Nature's face,
And show the life of man, from youth to age;
The human heart lay bare, each movement trace
Of mortal action, whether small or great,
As swayed by passion or o'erruled by fate.

Hushed is the crowd, intent each upturned face,

As scene by scene the thrilling tale unfolds ;
No lack is felt of splendor or of space,—

The world of human life the playhouse holds.—
That stage is large enough on which we see
A struggling soul work out its destiny.

So in some hamlet small, lying apart

From railways and the noisy haunts of men,
Untaught by science and unvexed by art,

Nestling secluded in its mountain glen,
May yet be traced the scenes of peace and strife,
Of joy and grief, that make the drama Life.

And such a hamlet, on a mountain side

I knew long years ago. New Hampshire hills
Formed its horizon line, while far and wide

High rocky pastures, forests, gleaming rills,
Crowded the landscape with a beauty rare
And memorable, grand no less than fair.

Its clustering houses, each with garden small,

Were plain, but wore a tidy, homelike air ;
In number not a score they reached in all.

Within, the floors and walls tho' clean were bare ;
But each its fireside had, and less or more,
Each had for future needs a prudent store.

Down through the valley ran a brawling stream ;

Upon its bank, stood here and there a mill,
Whose drowsy hum was like a peaceful dream.

The day was busy, but the night was still,—
And gazed the silent moon with face serene
Upon the quiet beauty of the scene.

This was my theatre, built by Nature's hand :—

Its dome the sky ; its chandelier the sun ;
Its orchestra the brook, the pine-trees grand

And the blithe birds ; its actors every one
Born for the parts they played—no hirelings they ;
While Fate was manager and wrote the play.

Wide over all the arching heavens hung,
 Swayed by a climate of perpetual change.
 With sweep majestic, to and fro there swung,
 As 't were a censer with prodigious range,
 Spring, summer, autumn, winter—fair and foul,
 From vernal zephyrs to old Boreas' howl.

Our northern spring, how beautiful and tender,
 With May-flowers' sweetness and the Robin's song!
 The red and gold of autumn's matchless splendor!
 The wrathful siege of winter, fierce and long!
 Change follows change, extreme succeeds extreme,
 The fitful weather still the ruling theme.

Would now the power were mine of tongue or pen
 To speak the magic word that should restore
 The vanished past, and make a Now of Then,
 Recall to life the faded days of yore,
 And stir your memories with glowing rhyme
 To reproduce those scenes of olden time.

You must assist my poor art to retrace
 The paths our childhood followed, to live o'er
 Again the hours that time can ne'er efface—
 The scenes that throng upon us more and more
 As swift succeeding years their courses run
 And draw us westward toward the setting sun.

O those long hours of childhood! Nothing seems
 To me so good, so full of bliss and charm
 As for a child to dream its waking dreams
 Amid the freedom of an upland farm,
 Or nestling in a valley, within sound
 Of mountain streams, with woods and hills around.

'Dame Nature knows the way to rear a man;
 Simple her method is, but still the best,—
 Like a good mother she prefers the plan
 Of nourishing her children at her breast.
 City-bred boys and girls all run to head—
 Am I far wrong to call them—*bottle-fed*?

Give me the homespun life, the mother's milk
 That comes from romping in the open air,
 And those may have who choose, the gloves and silk,
 The ball-room manners and the dainty fare
 That strain the nerves, impoverish the blood,
 And nip the bloom of childhood in the bud!

And has the district-school been yet surpassed—
 Tho' rude its methods, primitive and rough—
 For molding character in forms that last,
 And of a fibre flexible and tough,
 That can withstand the stress of toil and strife,
 The wear and tear of all our after life?

And have you known a joy more pure and hearty,
 Less marred or tainted with precocious passion,
 Than you experienced at a country party,
 When apples, doughnuts, forfeits, were the fashion,
 Is there a gain, of virtue or propriety,
 In all the nonsense of mushroom "society?"

Are men more honest, women any purer,
 Than those we knew, say forty years ago?
 Is virtue held by principles securer
 Than those we learned and practised? I say *no*.—
 If it were given me to choose my fate,
 I'd be a native of the Granite State!

The toils of manhood were severe and long;
 The soil is hard and scanty, hoe and axe
 Require hands both resolute and strong;
 Nor can the pioneer his grip relax,
 Nor dally with his task, nor slight nor shirk—
 Early and late his watchword must be, *work*.

Facing the March wind, wading through the snow—
 No pastime this for one who loves his ease—
 To catch the sugar-maple's earliest flow
 And gather his first harvest from the trees,
 Alert the farmer goes, nor takes his rest
 Till bleak November darkens in the west.

Do you remember, by the evening light
 That played upon the brown old kitchen ceiling,
 A venerable head all silver-white,
 A wrinkled face the marks of age revealing,
 A figure shrunken, yet with noble air?
 That's Grandsir sitting in his cushioned chair!

See also in the other corner sitting,
 A slighter form, fast nearing life's last goal,
 But with bright face, and busy fingers knitting—
 That's good old Grandma'am, bless her sainted soul!
 The circle round that hearthstone is complete
 Where side by side three generations meet.

Does not your memory hold a sombre scene—
 A rural grave-yard, with its wall of stone,
 In some soft vale, guarded by pine-trees green,
 Or on some wind-swept hill, apart and lone?
 No pomp of monuments, of flowers no breath—
 But in your ear the whisper "Death is death!"

For after all, disguise it as we will
 By all our arts of music, sculpture, speech,
 The sighing grasses of that wind-swept hill
 Convey a deeper lesson than we teach.—
 No lavish show to daze the outward sense
 Has for my heart such solemn eloquence.

My strain has fallen to a sadder key
 Than I intended. Let me not forget
 Our present purpose is festivity,
 That 'tis for mirth, not sadness, we are met.
 And gladly would I change, and celebrate
 The gayer humors of our native State,—

The quiltings, huskings, raisings, apple-bees,
 The general training and the cattle-show,
 Town-meetings, and the other quaint old spees,
 And queer old characters we used to know.
 Stories I'd like to tell, so rich and droll
 You could n't help but laugh, to save your soul,

But that, I fear, a daintier touch demands,
 A skill more native and more practised too,
 Than would be easy to my clumsy hands.—
 There are some things a pedagogue can't do.
 A man may play a psalm-tune well enough
 But find the Fisher's hornpipe rather tough!

Compared with Pegasus, the horse with wings
 That poets used to ride, in days of fable,
Mine's one of these cheap, fifty-dollar things
 That you can hire at any livery-stable.
 You know, a nag born to a pace sedate
 Cannot be driven a two-forty gait.

These few slight sketches I've thrown into rhyme
 With hope to aid your memory to recall
 Old days and scenes, and to beguile the time
 Until the festive dance shall fill the hall.
 I offer you, each one, a cordial greeting,
 With buoyant hopes for many a future meeting.

At the conclusion of the exercises named in the programme, about an hour was given over to sociability, and a large number of the audience took occasion to visit the upper hall, where a generous collation was served. The reading by Mr. Woodman was rendered in excellent taste, while the singing throughout the evening was of a fine order, and thoroughly appreciated by the audience, who gave generous and hearty applause.

The expenses of the entertainment were provided for by the same charge for admission to the hall as that imposed at the gathering the year previous.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The time for holding the Annual Meeting for the year 1883 falling on New Year's Eve, it was called and adjourned to Wednesday evening, January 17th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room of Horticultural Hall. That meeting was held, but owing to the limited number in attendance, after choosing E. B. Crane, A. H. Fisher, and John W. Hadley as a committee on nomination for a list of officers, an adjournment was made to meet at the same place at 7 1-2 o'clock, on the evening of January 22. The meeting was held as per adjournment, and the committee on nomination made the following report:

President, Hon. Francis T. Blackmer.

Vice-Presidents, C. C. Woodman, A. H. Fisher, and Mrs. G. W. Ingalls.

Secretary, Daniel Seagrave.

Treasurer, Geo. N. Newhall,

Executive Committee, Addison Palmer, Dr. H. Y. Simpson, W. C. Ellis, Mrs. John W. Hadley and Mrs. Geo. Sumner.

The report was accepted, and the persons whose names were given duly elected as officers of the Association for the ensuing year. As usual the matter of providing for the Annual Re-union was left in the hands of the Board of Officers.

At a subsequent meeting of that board, plans were matured for holding a re-union and banquet at Washburn Hall, on the evening of February 15th.

Mr. E. B. Crane was elected Historian and Necrologist of the Association.

It was also voted to extend invitations to the following named gentlemen to attend the fourth annual gathering: Gov. Benjamin F. Butler, Mayor Palmer of Boston, Mayor Samuel E. Hildreth of Worcester, and Mr. Charles G. Parker and Mr. A. P. Marble, Presidents respectively of the Associations of the Sons and Daughters of Vermont and Maine,

Messrs. A. C. Munroe and G. W. Ingalls were solicited to assist the committee on music.

The Fourth Annual Re-union was attended by about two hundred and fifty persons who sat down to a supper served in Washburn Hall by Mr. Geo. Tower, the popular landlord of the Lincoln House. Rev. B. H. Lane, of the Dewey St. church, invoked the Divine blessing. After an hour spent in discussing the good things on the tables, the president, Hon. Francis T. Blackmer, called the company to order, and in a very forcible manner delivered the following address.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Natives of the Old Granite State:

I congratulate you this evening, on the occasion of the Fourth Re-union of our Association, that so many of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire have turned from the routine of daily life at this

time, in this hall, and under these circumstances, to celebrate the virtues and sing the praises of the land of their nativity.

Those of you who have been so fortunate as to have been born and reared on the beautiful hillsides and in the verdant valleys of New Hampshire, and, upon leaving your native state, were guided by fortune to this goodly city, where you have established homes and taken up your abode, may well say, that your lines have fallen in pleasant places. This city for beauty and for the industry, skill, enterprise and thrift of her inhabitants, is not surpassed by any on the continent, and its growth and prosperity for the past thirty years has been the wonder of New England, and to New Hampshire people she is indebted not a little for what she now is and what she now possesses.

Living as we now do in the midst of the din and bustle of city life, with all the cares and duties which so fully occupy our mind and demand our attention, it is meet that we pause for a single evening and devote its hours to the memories of the past and the sacred associations of our youth. And, as we call up those hallowed memories, how they crowd upon our vision. Among them the old homestead and all that surrounds it, those views of hill, mountain, stream and lake, those matchless scenes of surpassing beauty for which our State is famous. Some of them were among the first things which greeted our youthful vision, with them we grew up, upon them we gazed and pondered, and they, as it were, became a part of our young lives. We did not appreciate them then, but now we do. And as we go through life, again and again they rise before us, and we cannot but feel that

"Time but the impression stronger makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Then there was the old school-house, the familiar faces of friends and neighbors, and not least the loved forms of dear ones whom we left behind; some of them remain in their peaceful homes, content and happy, and some of them perhaps have gone before to that long home of which we know so little, but expect so much. The reflection upon these scenes gives us a measure of happiness and satisfaction not surpassed.

"'Tis sweet to remember
We would not forego
The charms which the past
O'er the present can throw.
For all the gay visions
That fancy can weave
In her web of illusion
That shines to deceive."

Let us be merry and glad on this occasion, hopeful for the future, thankful for all the blessings we have received in the past—so many and great. Let us strive to impress upon the minds of our children, and those that may come after us, those early lessons of truth and virtue we received in our rural homes, and reflect those influences which were thrown around us when we were receiving impressions upon our character which in after years did so much towards making us what we should be, an honor to our State.

The objects of this association or re-union are that we may meet in conference together, recount old familiar scenes, become better acquainted, renew, where possible, the acquaintances of early life, and those who were nurtured by the same fostering care, and who love a common country and a state to which we should ever be loyal and true, and thereby gain strength and courage to face the responsibilities of life, and add something to its pleasures as we pass along. The traveller in a distant land, away from home and friends, among strange scenes and a strange people, is always pleased to meet one, although hitherto unknown, who has come from the same place, speaks the same language and is familiar with the same scenes. And the mysterious tie which so quickly binds these hearts together is a common interest in a common home and country. And why should not we, wherever we meet a New Hampshire man or woman, no matter where we may be or however placed, grasp them warmly by the hand. And let us all emulate the sturdy character, the sterling integrity and the indomitable will so characteristic of the people from whom we came. We have come from the forest clad hills and mountain wilds of old Coos on the north; from the county where grand old Monadnock stands like a grim old sentinel looking down upon the land around him; from the busy companion counties through which the Merrimac flows as it rolls on to the sea; from old Rockingham whose shores alone are washed by the ocean wave; from her who bears upon her bosom the bright gem of Winnipisiogee; from her sister on the east, on whose borders the great mountains stand with the Saco at their base, and where each one lifts its granite head to the clouds; from the county which boasts of the classic halls of Dartmouth; from Stratford on the border of Maine, and from Sullivan, the younger sister of them all, on the east. Each has something of mountain or river scenery of natural beauty and grandeur peculiar to itself; each has produced its

great and good men ; each has its traditions, its written and unwritten history, its institutions of culture and learning ; within each have been witnessed acts and words and works of heroism, of patriotism, of Christian fortitude and courage, of which it may well be proud. This history makes the sons and daughters proud of the State of their birth, whose virtues we have a right to celebrate, and its praises sing. To you who have come from her sister State on the west, I extend a hearty welcome ; to you who represent our younger sister on the east, I extend greeting. To one and all I extend a hearty welcome, and may we all be better and happier by reason of this occasion.

Mr. Joseph H. Walker was then called upon to speak for the State of New Hampshire. He said that the people who first settled within its limits were a very determined and industrious race of men, particularly so the Scotch and Scotch-Irish. They knew no such word as fail. They overcame the many obstacles in their way ; the rugged soil was made to yield a harvest, and by their perseverance and wise management they contributed largely in developing its resources. They also gave character to its institutions, and the state has always been a leader in progressive thought and action. No state in New England had been more modest, none less forward. In Indian wars, the French war, the Revolution and the Rebellion, she always did her duty. He remembered as a lad the election of John P. Hale to the United Senate, as one of the greatest events in the history of the country. John P. Hale was determined to stand for the right. It was seven years after New Hampshire dared to send such a man to the Senate to protest against the downward course of the country, before Massachusetts sent Sumner for the same purpose. He

doubted whether she would have sent him then but for the example of New Hampshire. Referring to the character of the New Hampshire people, he said they were like their own granite hills, firm and unshaken in their right. The old customs and hardships of early life and the training of the youth of the state is of the sturdiest kind, and calculated to bring out the best there is in them. The schools, with the great admixture of pupils of all ages, were then described, the speaker taking occasion to say that some advantages of that system were lost in that at present pursued. The absence of newspapers and periodicals was replaced by oral discussion about the fire-place. The secondary influence of the state was frequently seen in the statesmen and citizens of other states, who traced their descent back to natives of the old Granite State.

Mr. Walter G. Ingalls then gave a very pleasing pianoforte solo "Sweet Home" with variations. After which Professor E. H. Russell read the following original poem :

EPHRAIM CARTER.

Twoscore years ago, in the old Granite State

A character lived that you ought to have known ;
Cross-eyed and red-haired, but with sense in his pate,

He stuck to his life like a dog to a bone.

This was his pet phrase (most men have a few) :

"It all depends on your p'int o' view !"

He lived on the Mountain Road—turn to your right,

Through a gate, and a pasture well sprinkled with trees.

From his door what a landscape rewarded your sight,
 With the sky and the clouds and the fresh upland breeze!
 "I like here myself—for most folks 't would n't dew—
 A good deal depends on your p'int o' view."

He was proud of his farm and proud of his cattle,
 Erect, independent, and toughened by toil;
 With rock and with forest he waged valiant battle,
 Yet he never could be a mere slave of the soil.
 "Drive your team," he would say, "or your team will drive you—
 It all depends on your p'int o' view."

A lover of books, he would sit like a statue
 With a novel of Scott's, or Pope's Essay on Man;
 A lover of men, once let him get at you,
 He'd talk and he'd listen as few of us can.
 "That's the way it strikes me," he'd say, "How is 't with you?
 It all depends on your p'int o' view."

Fond of home and his boy and his thrifty wife Hannah;
 Old Ephraim would say, with a wink of his eye,
 "Some men like a woman to play a pi-anah,
 Give me one that can turn out a good pumpkin-pie.
 Hannah ain't much on music, but she knows how to brew—
 Take which you like best from your own p'int o' view."

A bountiful liver and free at his table,
 Though frugal in dress and opposed to display;
 "I leave broadcloth and sich-like to them that are able,
 But I want meat for supper," old Ephraim would say.
 "Some like the old fashions and some like the new—
 It depends pretty much on your p'int o' view."

When he yoked up his steers and went down to the Centre,
 And they offered to treat him to whisky or rum;
 "No thank ye," says Ephraim, "I guess I wont venter—
 I'd like to go home pretty much as I come.
 I used to drink liquor, but now I've got thru,
 It's rather too costly, from my p'int o' view."

When the store-keeper urged him to buy upon credit,
 And take his own time to pay the account in,
 He might just as well have saved breath and not said it,
 For Ephraim's will was as firm as a mountain.—
 "I never get trusted, by Yankee nor Jew—
 'T ain't the way to do business, from my p'int o' view."

When he heard them talk politics, hot and abusively,
 In stores and on corners, the little and big,
 Each claiming the right for his party exclusively—
 The lawyer a democrat, doctor a whig—
 I declare for 't," says Ephraim, "why make such a whew,
 When so much depends on your p'int o' view?"

Though strict in his morals, and full of all charity,
 Never leaving the sick or the poor in the lurch,
 I confess it was something not less than a rarity
 To see Uncle Ephraim on Sunday in church.
 "Some pray in a pasture and some in a pew—
 It depends, after all, on your p'int o' view."

So he passed by the church without any apology,
 On his way from the bedside of sickness or death;
 "If your heart's only right you don't need much theology"—
 This was his soliloquy, under his breath—
 "There's no roundabout way to be honest and trew,—
 Stand or fall, I must worship from my p'int o' view."

When his neighbors went West to new farms on the prairies,
 Old Ephraim was grieved, but he budged not a pin;
 When big stories came back of their wheat and their dairies,
 He clung to his mountain, with a chuckle and grin.
 "Wal, they 've ague and blizzards and Injuns a few—
 New Hampshire's full better, from my p'int o' view."

By and by the ground shook with the dread agitation
 Of war, with its fire and conflict and woe.—

"By thunder," cried Ephraim, "I can't see this nation
 Broke up by the South—and I'm too old to go!"
 But his boy went, and fell, where the minie-balls flew—
 "He done right," sobbed the father, "from his p'int o' view."

What a lesson I learnt from old Ephraim Carter—
 Of wisdom and candor, of virtue and truth!
 No story of sage or of saint or of martyr
 Could have stamped with such impress the years of my youth.
 Every day gives the old phrase a meaning that's new—
 So much *does* depend on our point of view!

Miss Cora Richards then followed with a song,
 "The Fisher Boy," which was very pleasantly received and drew forth a generous expression of approval from the audience.

Mr. Addison Palmer, on being called upon to respond for Grafton County, spoke as follows:

Mr. President:—I can respond most heartily for my native county, for it is one of the largest and, in some respects, the most important county in the State. In it is located one of the most ancient institutions of learning in New England—Dartmouth College, which has graduated many eminent men. This county is also equal to any other for its agriculture, particularly its seventy-five miles of Connecticut river bank where the soil is rich and its surface as smooth as any prairie lands of the West; while in the central and eastern portion immense forests of spruce and pine cover the hills and mountains, well up towards their rocky summits, whose granite boulders make a firm foundation for many a stately structure throughout New England.

I have very briefly and imperfectly outlined some of the principal natural resources of Grafton county. I now desire to say a word in regard to a product that the first settlers did not find there, but which was developed afterwards, viz: its sons and daughters. I know many of them, and I am quite sure they are, as a whole, equal to those found anywhere; and this is the best product of the county,

much as we may esteem its fertile valleys, beds of granite and forests of spruce and pine. We esteem higher its noble men and women, many of whom migrate to the cities and towns all over the country, and many to foreign lands carrying their principles of stern integrity with them, to influence and act upon the corrupt mass of humanity, to be found in all large cities, leavening the mass so as to make it tolerable to live with; and happy are we that we were born in the old Granite State and particularly in Grafton County.

W. A. Gile, Esq., was called on to respond for Merrimack County. He referred to DeTocqueville's classification of American institutions, which places this county the third in the list. The components of Merrimack County, its mountains, towns and rivers were briefly described. The county held the State House, the State Prison and the Insane Asylum. The story of Hannah Dustin was referred to, the scene of her exploit being within the limits of the present county, where a monument has been erected to the memory of that heroine whose name has become a household word. The population is only 40,000, scarcely two-thirds of that of the city of Worcester at the last census.

Rev. B. H. Lane, for Rockingham County, said it was born in 1771, five years before the revolution. It was settled in 1623, then being a part of Massachusetts. It has 27 towns and 50,000 people; it has 17 miles of sea shore, the only sea coast in the state, and 160 miles of railroad. There are 250,000 acres of land under cultivation, and 300,000 bushels of grain are grown annually; beside, 800,000 pounds of butter and 75,000 pounds of cheese are made for luncheon. The manufactories

turn out 25,000,000 yards of cotton cloth annually, and 600,000 yards of woolen cloth, valued at \$250,000. Boots and shoes, lumber and other things are also produced in large quantities, bringing to those engaged in business \$12,000,000. It has good educational facilities, and the people are religious and patriotic. There were twelve academies and high schools in the county, with Exeter Academy at the head.

Prof. S. B. Clark, of the Highland Military Academy, spoke for Carroll County, and claimed for it unsurpassed beauty of scenery, the scenes of some of Whittier's poems. Among the prominent men of the county were "Long John" Wentworth, of Chicago, Ill., and Isaac Adams of printing-press fame.

Dea. Jonas White was introduced to speak for Sullivan County. It was the youngest of the ten counties, dating from 1827. It contained fifteen towns, two of which were granted by King George III., and the rest by the state. He alluded to the trials of the early settlers with the Indians to show the sturdy character of the men who made the county what it is. Salmon P. Chase was a native of Sullivan county, and other men of distinction claim it as their early home.

After a recitation by Mrs. H. H. Flint, "Jennie McNeil's Ride," the response for counties was renewed.

Rev. J. J. Putnam, speaking for Cheshire County, said there was more of culture and refinement in

the Connecticut valley than in the same space in any other locality in the United States, and Cheshire county is located in that valley, and the natives of that county have a right to claim for its pre-eminence among the counties of the state. The ideal life of New Hampshire is activity and enterprise; sloth and idleness mean hardship and deprivation.

Mr. M. V. B. Richardson responded for Strafford County. His only connection with the county was while planting potatoes there, in 1849. In a very facetious manner the speaker hit off the peculiarities of New Hampshire farming of those days. His early years were, however, spent in Durham, a ship-building town of the county. Of the county industries, he said the Cocheco Print Works were the earliest established in the country, and the finest woolens of America were produced within the limits of the county.

Mr. E. B. Crane, being called on to speak for Coos County, said:

The only reason I can offer for attempting at this time to respond for the county of Coos, is that our presiding officer told me a day or two since that I was the only male member of this Association born in that county. This hardly seems possible, for although it has the shortest name (Coos) it is the *longest* and the *tallest* county in the state of New Hampshire, and it is strange indeed that I should be the only male representative. Previous to the time of railroads very few New Hampshire people ever found their way on their own soil as far north as Coos county. Perhaps some of you will remember that the county is situated at the extreme northern portion of the state, and for many years after the settlement of New Hampshire that portion was called "the unexplored region," a wilderness cov-

ered with dense forests, in fact, the worthless, ragged end of the state. For more than 130 years after the first settlements at Dover and Portsmouth that county remained unexplored by the white man, the only knowledge had of it came through the roving Indians or returned captives, who told fascinating stories concerning its rich fertile lands, quick-running brooks, and matchless forests.

Several attempts were made to explore this wild country, but through fear of harsh treatment from the Indians and other causes, all expeditions failed to accomplish their object until the year 1754, when a company of men under the leadership of Capt. Peter Powers of Hollis, N. H., and Lieut. James Stevens and Ensign Ephraim Hale, both of Townsend, Mass., left Rumford, (now Concord) N. H., Saturday, June 15th. After a fatiguing march of some fifteen days, they reached that point on the Connecticut river where now are located the towns of Dalton and Lancaster. Here their march was intercepted, and for the lack of proper food and clothing the company were obliged to return to their homes. In 1763 nine years after the expedition under Capt. Powers, Capt. David Page, Edward Buckman and Emmons Stockwell, established a settlement at Lancaster—this was the first settlement made within the territory now known as Coos county.

It seemed to be the aim of the founders of this county to include within her borders (if possible) all the rough, rocky, unproductive, uninhabitable lands that could be found in the northerly end of the state, and they succeed most admirably, but so doing, they were obliged to give her an area of 1950 square miles making by far the largest county in the state, and although the surface is well covered with hills and mountains yet there are many fertile valleys, and to-day very little if any of her territory would be called worthless. Not only from her *arable lands*, but from her forests of pine, spruce, hemlock, birch and maple which clothe her rugged hills in beautiful shades of green, does she amply reward her patient husbandmen for their toil.

If Coos has furnished any of the great *men* for which the state of New Hampshire has justly become famous, I am not aware of it. But I do know that many of her sons and daughters have made good, industrious, law-abiding citizens, fully up to the average of the human kind. And that perhaps is doing remarkably well, consider-

ing the fact that they have lived so near the boundary line of Canada, where they have been so often tempted to purchase goods on either side, wherever they might be obtained for the least money. But as that was termed smuggling, an offense punishable by law, some of the settlers were frequently put to considerable inconvenience. Many amusing stories might be told implicating some of the early settlers in operations where the offenders many times were exceedingly anxious to be on both sides of the line at the same time. But in justice to Coos people, I should say, that a large share of the trouble came from the fact, that for many years no two could agree as to just where the boundary line was, consequently officers of the law from either side of the line were sometimes seeking after each other to satisfy public clamor concerning some citizen who had been kidnapped. But when the bounds were finally fixed, much of the vexatious trouble came to an end.

One of the chief features of Coos county, one that has made not only *her* territory famous but given notoriety to the Granite State, is her sublime and picturesque mountains. The story of the grandeur and fascinating beauty of the White Mountains is known throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, for Hillsboro County, spoke of its enterprising people, its good schools and academies, the honored men born within its limits, and the pride each man has in the section of the state in which he was born, as well as her agricultural and mineral resources. Horace Greeley and Franklin Pierce were born within her borders.

The formal exercises closed by the company singing Auld Lang Syne, after which the floor was cleared and dancing was in order for those who wished until after midnight. The re-union was the best the Association has yet held, and the good impressions made will undoubtedly result in an increased membership and attendance next year.

President Chas. G. Parker of the Vermont Association, and President A. P. Marble of the Maine Association, were present as invited guests.

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting for the year 1884 was held in the Library Room of Horticultural Hall, on Monday evening, January 7th, at 7.30 o'clock. In the absence of the President, Hon. Francis T. Blackmer, recently deceased, the meeting was called to order by the Second Vice-President, Mr. A. H. Fisher, and the following named persons were elected to serve as officers of the Association for the ensuing year:

President, Addison Palmer.

Vice-Presidents, A. H. Fisher, Dr. J. K. Warren, and Mrs. J. W. Hadley.

Secretary, Daniel Seagrave.

Treasurer, Chas. B. Newhall.

Executive Committee, Geo. N. Newhall, Jonas White, M. V. B. Richardson, Mrs. G. W. Ingalls, and Mrs. A. C. Munroe.

By a vote of the members present, it was decided to hold a re-union, and the matter of details was left with the Executive Committee. A meeting of that committee was held January 15th, at the same hour and place, at which time it was decided to fix the

evening of Tuesday, February 12th, as the date for holding the annual festival.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Addison Palmer, E. B. Crane, and Jonas White, was appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Hon. Francis T. Blackmer, late President of the Association, and to attend his funeral.

At a subsequent meeting held January 22nd, the following Preamble and Resolutions were reported and adopted:

"Inasmuch as an allwise Providence has seen fit to remove by death one of our members, Francis T. Blackmer, who in the past we so gladly honored with the highest office in our gift, and who so ably and faithfully presided over our deliberations, and by his wise counsels and untiring vigilance contributed so largely to the success of our last annual festival, Therefore,

Resolved, That we will bear testimony to our appreciation of his noble manhood and active interest in our Association. His interest in and sympathy for this Association coming mainly through that of his wife, she having been born in the town of Lyme, county of Grafton, in the old Granite State.

Resolved, That we as an Association feel deeply the loss of our fellow member, Hon. Francis T. Blackmer, cut down, as it were, in the prime of life, amidst the enjoyment of numerous well-deserved honors gained through his own persistent application to the duties of his chosen profession, and unflinching energy in acquiring success in whatever he undertook, thereby enjoying a reputation seldom equalled by any person within so brief a life.

Resolved, That to his bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of the Preamble and Resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be spread upon the record book of this Association.

The Fifth Annual Re-union at Horticultural Hall was attended by a very large audience. The entertainment began with a supper in the upper hall. At 8 o'clock the call for order was made and a selection of music was given by Riedl's Orchestra, after which the President delivered the following address.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY PRESIDENT PALMER.

Welcome, Sons and Daughters of the old Granite State,
To this your Fifth Re-union in the old Bay State!
The home of our adoption, the birthplace of our children,
The soil where first rested the foot of the Pilgrim.

We are justly proud of our ancestral stock
Who first landed on the shore called Plymouth rock;
And from thence into the forest did push,
Clearing the land by light of the burning bush.

Many were the hardships they had to endure,
For the present comfort and happiness to us made sure.
Heroic were the men in their deeds of daring,
While their wives in their perils were sharing,

Their foes were many, from within and without,
And constantly on the watch was the vigilant scout;
For the Indian, with his tomahawk and knife,
Was ever seeking the scalps of both children and wife.

But now all these trials and dangers have passed away,
And we are left free from care, (so they say),
But I think if our cares are not just the same,
They are many and to us not unworthy a name!

But as you know them quite well, I am sure,
I will trust you with a remedy for their early cure;
And will pass on from this to our native State,
And briefly review its history, both early and late.

And concerning the times of which I was just speaking,
 When both saint and sinner had to go to meeting,
 And doubtless, once a week, heard something good,
 Whether of his own choice he would not, or he would.

Then he was compelled to pay his pew-rent,
 Whether he stayed at home or whether he went ;
 Altho' he called it *Puritanical*, and very unjust
 It was all the same, it was law, and pay he must.

But *some* things have changed since that early day,
Now, the majority stay at home and will not pay.
 Whether the church goes up or whether it goes down,
They boast of freedom to enjoy a ride about town.

You remember, at first, this was all Massachusetts Bay,
 And there were no state lines in that early day ;
 No such place as that we now call Maine,
 So with New Hampshire and Vermont, 't was the same.

A howling wilderness, from sea to the great lake,
 Inhabited by wild beasts, and wilder Indians, with deadly hate,
 Too lazy himself to till the soil, his corn to raise,
 He would not let another cultivate his native maize.

Soon, however, all this was changed for the better ;
 Our fathers claiming right to the land by letter
 From their King over in their "fatherland"—
 Also from One, who guided them hither with unseen hand.

Our fathers believed, and so do we their sons,
 That this land belongs to God's faithful ones,—
 Those who will dress and keep it, and develop its treasure
 Of agriculture, the baser metals, and gold without measure.

And to prove how faithful we, their children have been,
 Compare our native State now, with what it was then ;
 Also, compare the whole country, from shore to shore,
 And you will wonder at our success more and more,

You may travel the length and breadth of our land,
 And you will see the trail of our live Yankee band.
 We believe our own State a good one in which to be born,
 Yet willing to migrate when too many for the corn.

So in large numbers we came to the old Bay State,
 Hoping its people to improve, and our fortunes to make.
 How well we have accomplished the former—look at our wives,
 Who have just feasted you on their royal pumpkin-pies.

Also, our sons and daughters of whom we feel proud,
 May they never belong to that vulgar crowd
 Of whom in every city and town there are very many
 Who live by their wits, but never earn an honest penny.

By fortune I mean wealth of character as well,
 For bonds and titles without it, leaves a sad story to tell;
 And many of the so called richest of this earth
 Are poorest indeed, and were bankrupt from birth.

May it ever be true of New Hampshire's sons and daughters,
 That they were honest though living in humble quarters;
 And the record the sons and daughters have here made
 Is one of which we feel proud—not ashamed or afraid.

And we can point with pride to many of our number
 Who have risen to high honors by their mighty thunder;
 While others are content to seek a more modest fame,
 Or to work in the ranks without notice or a name.

And the latter is a class more numerous than all other—
 The bone and sinew of the land, the pride of their mother.
 To this class the most of us are proud to belong,
 If our names are never heard in history or song.

But noble men and women, I am sure you will say,
 Were those who left their homes and came here to stay;
 But what of those dear ones that we left behind—
 The fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, kind?

Most of the former have laid their armor down,
 And have gone home, we trust, to wear a starry crown ;
 While many of the latter have just taken their places,
 And carry their burdens, and imitate their graces.

But I must take leave of this branch of my theme,
 Tho' I have spoken only of men and women as in a dream,
 And have not mentioned the resources of the State,
 Which are many, both in variety and also in make.

But fearing that for some product I might lack a name,
 I will leave this department to our historian, E. B. Crane,
 And myself will soon stop and give him the floor,
 Promising you never again to be such a bore ;

And would not now if our real poet could have been heard ;
 But he would not sing, not so much as a word.
 I thought I would sing for him, just this once,
 But many times I have cried out, oh ! what a dunce !

It is easy to sit and hear the muses sing,
 But trying to be a muse is quite another thing.
 And we may all look at things, both old and new,
 But alas, we see them from a different "p'int o' view."

After a song, "The Monks of Old," which was most satisfactorily rendered by Mr. D. Edwin Spencer, the Historian of the Association, Mr. E. B. Crane, read a paper upon the early settlements made by the English colonies on the North Atlantic coast, including that of the colony of New Hampshire.

The first to interest you, I will now introduce :
 He is a mighty worker in our native spruce ;
 And he is also a man somewhat known to fame—
 A man of dates, and events, our historian, E. B. Crane.

ADDRESS BY MR. E. B. CRANE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The managers of this organization acting perhaps in fear of the possible inference, no historian therefore New Hampshire must have no history, caused a postal to be sent some months ago bearing the information that I had been chosen historian for this Association.

From that time down to within a few weeks the honor of the office has been my chief burden, and at the last annual meeting for the election of officers as no mention was made concerning a historian, there was good reason to suppose that my duties in that capacity were at an end, understanding, of course, that all officers of the Association were subject to an annual election. You may imagine my surprise when, some days afterwards, our President informed me that something would be expected from the historian on the evening of February 12th, and no words of mine could convince him that I was no longer the person he was looking for. In fact, I was obliged to yield to superior authority. But, as your historian, what can I say that will be of interest? The life of this organization has not become so obscured by age as not to be familiar to each and every one of you. There is, however, one subject that has already received some attention from your historian, that is the roll of mortality among members of the Association, or all natives of New Hampshire who may chance to end life in Worcester. Such a record should be kept with the transactions of the society. This is a matter that will require considerable time and patient work. As that is to be a record for the future, let us for a few moments cast a glance at the primitive history of our native State. How it came to be a rival colony with many others planted along the North American coast. The punishment I shall inflict upon you may be severe, but not of long duration.

You are all no doubt conversant of the fact that the object which first drew Europeans to these North American shores was the hope of discovering a north-west passage to China and the East Indies. For many years the merchant princes of England, Portugal and France were anxious that a shorter and less dangerous route for their ships going to China might be discovered, thereby to greatly facili-

tate their traffic with the Orientals. With this object in view, England sent out John Cabot, and his son Sebastian, in 1497. They discovered Newfoundland and planted the ensign of England upon its soil. Three years later Don Emanuel, King of Portugal, sent out for the same purpose Gaspard Cortereal, at which time he discovered and named Labrador. Other voyages were made in this direction and although failing to find a more direct route to China, they had established the importance to be derived from fur trade with the natives and the fisheries along the coast. And Francis I., King of France, despatched Jacques Cartier in the year 1534 to establish a colony near these fisheries, being prevented (on account of the ice) from landing on the shores of Newfoundland, he drifted into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, traversed its coast, took possession of its soil in the name of his king, and named the Bay of Chaleur. The following year he made a second voyage, passing up the river St. Lawrence as far as the present site of Montreal. This was followed in the year 1540 by a third voyage to the same region, but merely trading posts were fixed, and no permanent settlement was effected.

Sir Martin Frobisher made three voyages under the patronage of England, during the years 1576, 1577 and 1578, with the hope of finding a short route to China, gaining the point as far north as the strait which still bears his name. About the same time, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained from Queen Elizabeth the first colonial charter granted by England for the purpose of discovery, and possessing lands in North America (then unsettled). The date of this charter was June 11, 1578. The following year Sir Humphrey sailed for Newfoundland, but was unable to land owing to severe storms then raging, and returned home. June 11, 1583, he again set sail with five ships, landed and took possession of the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland; here he granted leases of land to his colonists. But becoming disheartened and discouraged by the trials and privations attending a new settlement in a strange land, they decided to return to England. Only two of the ships however reached their destination, three of them were wrecked on Sable Island, and all on board perished, including the noted navigator himself. Subsequent settlements were made under the leases granted by Sir Humphrey Gilbert on account of which he is claimed as the real founder of England's American possessions.

Three voyages were made by John Davis in 1583, 1584, and 1585 under the commission of England. Davis penetrated as far north as the straits which bear his name. But was forced to retrace his course through the same waters that carried him on his outward trip.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a dashing young English soldier, who accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on his adventure to the coast of Newfoundland, obtained of the Queen a new patent for discovery and colonization, and despatched an expedition under Arthur Barlow and Philip Amidas, who in the summer of 1584 explored Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. They returned with such favorable reports of that region of the New World that Queen Elizabeth gave it the name of Virginia, and Raleigh was honored with the title of Knighthood and within a year became a Member of Parliament for the county of Devon. His property rights having been confirmed, he fitted out a fleet of seven vessels with one hundred and eight colonists in charge of Sir Richard Grenville, and established a settlement on Roanoke Island. Although reinforcements were sent for two or three succeeding years, the great expense of sustaining the new colony, with the loss of vessels captured by the French, nearly exhausted Raleigh's capital, and the settlers were left to care for themselves as best they could. Some of them were so fortunate as to reach England, but many of them suffered death by starvation and at the hand of the savage.

Notwithstanding the disappointments and failures attending all efforts thus far made to colonize the northern portion of the New World, still men of courage were found ready to renew the task. March 26, 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, who had been associated with Raleigh in his attempt at Virginia, sailed from Falmouth, England, with twenty colonists, reaching Massachusetts Bay on the 14th of May. He gave the name to Cape Cod, and passing round the Cape towards the south, planted his little colony near the site of the present town in this Commonwealth which bears his name. The little company were exceedingly annoyed by depredations from the natives which, together with contention among themselves, soon caused them to abandon the place and return to England. In the spring of 1605, Capt. Geo. Weymouth was sent out from England by the Earl of Southampton and Lord Arundel, for the purpose of selecting a site for a colony in Virginia. Weymouth anchored his

vessel, the "Archangel," a few miles east of the mouth of Kennebec river; after spending several weeks exploring the coast in the vicinity, he, on the 26th of June, enticed five of the natives into the hold of his ship, closed the hatchways and sailed for England.

The rivalry between England and France for the occupation of the newly discovered lands at the westward, were now assuming grand proportions, and the merchants of England were not slow to see what was for their interest in this direction. But individual efforts thus far had not proved successful in the way of making permanent settlements, although a number of trading posts for the purchasing of furs from the natives had been established. For the purpose of a more determined action, and if possible to insure success, King James issued, in the year 1606, a patent for the promotion of settlements in Virginia which name had been given to the territory in North America lying between a point a little above Charleston, South Carolina on the south, to the mouth of the Kennebec river in Maine on the north, and extended inland fifty miles. This territory was by this patent divided into two sections, North and South Virginia. The latter portion was granted to a Company, composed of certain noblemen, knights, and gentlemen of London, while North Virginia was granted to another, called the Plymouth Company, which was composed of noblemen, knights and gentlemen of Bristol, Exeter and Plymouth, numbering forty persons. Among them were the Earl of Arundel, Earl of Southampton, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Sir Francis Popham and Rawley Gilbert, names more or less familiar to the reader of the history of these early settlements.

Two years had now elapsed since Capt. Weymouth made his prospective voyage. Three of the Indians which he took on his return to England had been living in the family of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who had given them kindly treatment and from whom he had gained much information regarding this mysterious and untamed country, and on the 31st day of May, 1607, George Popham and Raleigh Gilbert, each in command of a ship, sailed out of the harbor of Plymouth, England, with one hundred men. August 15th, they landed at the mouth of the Sagadahock, afterwards called the Kennebec river, and here on the western peninsula, now Cape Small Point, they located the first English settlement in New England. Mr. Popham was President, Raleigh Gilbert, Administrator. The

latter was one of the patentees with Ferdinando Gorges and half-brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with whom he was associated in the attempt to colonize Newfoundland in 1583. With the death of George Popham, which occurred February 5, 1608, and other discouragements the little colony returned to England in the following spring. This same year, Henry Hudson was making his second unsuccessful voyage in search of a north-west passage to China under the patronage of London merchants. The following year, in the interest of the Dutch India Company, Hudson made his third attempt, sailing for Davis Straits lying in the Arctic Circle. So inaccurately did he keep his intended course that when he came in sight of land, he found himself near Cape Cod, nearly 2000 miles out of his way, and, to make his blunder more effective, continued his course to the south along the coast, and discovered the river which bears his name.

It would seem that a combined attack had now been contemplated all along the line, for the Plymouth Company were giving attention to the colonization of North Virginia. The London Company sent out December 19th, 1606, three ships with one hundred and five colonists under the direction of Capt. Christopher Newport, Capt. Bartholomew Gosnold, Capt. John Smith, with Edwin Maria Wingfield as President, to establish a settlement in South Virginia. They sailed up the James river, May 13th, 1607, and planted Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in the United States. Capt. Smith not only rendered great service to this young colony in times of danger and distress, but by his restless, caviling disposition brought disfavor and odium upon his own head, which he came near losing, although it was not saved by the much overflattered Pocahontas. During the fall of 1609, he returned to England, where, doubtless, from his familiarity with this coast, he, in the year 1614, was sent in charge of two ships fitted out by London merchants for an exploring expedition. On this trip he made a map of our coast and called this country New England, a name which it has since retained.

While the reports of the beauties and wonderful resources of this newly explored land were being circulated, it fell upon the ears of a little band of English people since known as Puritans, who had been driven from their native soil by the cruel persecutions of King James I. They were quietly enjoying the exercise of their free will in relation to religious and church matters at Leyden, in Holland. The

Dutch hearing of their intention to emigrate suggested that they adopt some of their foreign plantations. But their regard for English institutions had not entirely become extinct, they would prefer to live on one of England's foreign plantations, and for the purpose of obtaining such a privilege, a committee was dispatched about 1618 to the London Company, who gave them some verbal encouragement, but no charter. Thus matters stood for two years, when another committee gained an interview with the same Company, who, taking a purely monetary view of the case, drew ten articles of an agreement through which the Company hoped to profit by the toil and privations of these Puritans should they succeed in perfecting a settlement. On the 6th day of September, they commenced that memorable voyage, their destination being the Hudson river.

The first land sighted by the occupants of the Mayflower was the south shore of Cape Cod. From here they turned their course south, but the captain having been bribed by the Dutch not to land them at the Hudson river, on encountering the difficulties of clearing the sands and shoals off Cape Mallebarre (now part of Chatham) was quite ready to present discouragements for proceeding further in that direction, and on the 9th of November the ship was headed toward the north, and the day following rounded Cape Cod, and at the appearance of a coming storm anchored in Cape Cod harbor. Provisions being scarce on board ship, the captain threatened to drive the colonists on shore and leave them to their fate, unless they should select some spot near by on which to locate. Although outside the territory controlled by the London Company (consequently their agreement would be of no avail). They, with some hesitation, decided to land, and *that the law of the settlement should be the will of the majority*. Thus was this company of Puritans, afterwards known as the Plymouth Colony of New England, planted on the soil of the Plymouth Company of England without their knowledge or consent.

The Plymouth Company of England had received an extension to their patent so that they now controlled the unsettled territories lying between the present site of Philadelphia on the south, and the mouth of the St. Lawrence river on the north. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, an officer in the Queen's Navy and a man of note, was chosen its President, and became the most active in encouraging

settlements in New England. Capt. John Mason; Governor of Newfoundland, who made a voyage of discovery along the coast in 1617, was elected a member of this company, became its secretary, and received special grants of land; one dated March 9th, 1622, extending from the present site of Salem to the Merrimack river, called Marianna, and in company with Gorges a few months later (August 10th) another grant covering the sea coast from the Merrimack to the Kennebec river, called the Province of Maine. Early the following spring they sent out a number of settlers, among them David Thompson, a Scotchman, Edward and William Hilton of London, for the purpose of establishing a colony and fishery at the river Piscataqua. They divided into two parties, one beginning a settlement at the mouth of the river, south side, which was called Strawberry Bank or Piscataquac, the other party headed by the Hiltons located eight miles further up the stream, near the present site of Dover, naming the place Northam or Hilton's Point.

David Thompson remained at Piscataquac about two years and then removed to Massachusetts Bay and located on an island in Boston harbor, which still bears his name; here he died previous to 1628. In the year 1629, Capt. John Mason who was the founder of the colony of New Hampshire had apparently made a division with Sir Gorges by which the latter was to retain all the territory east of the river Piscataqua, while he should have that lying from that point south to the Merrimack river and extending into the interior from the coast sixty miles. This tract was called *New Hampshire*. In the spring of 1630, Edward Hilton obtained a patent covering Hilton's Point and a strip of land three miles wide, extending up to Squamscot Falls. The grantees named were Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Capt. John Mason, John Cotton, Henry Gardner, Geo. Griffith, Edwin Gay, *Thomas Warnerton*, Thomas and Eliezer Eyre. Capt. Thomas Wiggin was agent for the upper plantation, and Walter Neal for the lower one, while Ambrose Gibbons, who had care of the saw-mill at Newichwannock Falls also conducted trade with the Indians. George Vaughan, Thomas Warnerton, Humphrey Chadbourne and a Mr. Godfrey were placed in charge of the fishery. Capt. Camocke, a nephew of the Earl of Warwick, and Henry Jocelyn came over from England to put the grantees in possession. The Earl's nephew lived some years at Piscataqua, but died at Scarborough, Maine, in 1663.

The new settlers gave very little attention to agriculture beyond the cultivation of grapes. Meal was brought from England or the grain from Virginia and ground at the wind-mill in Boston. Their chief occupations were those of trading, fishing, and searching the interior of their country for the supposed "valuable mines and rivers abounding in most beautiful fish, lakes filled with fertile islands upon which corn, vines, chestnuts, walnuts, and many other fruits grew luxuriantly; pleasant woods and meadows having a great store of stags, fallow-deer, elks, roe-bucks, beavers," and other game, all of this and much more had been pictured to them. But all their toilsome explorations failed to reveal the coveted wealth. The scanty revenue received from the little colony caused discouragement among the grantees, and the more courageous Mason and Gorges became the principal or sole proprietors, and a further supply of laborers was sent from England with Francis Williams to succeed Neal as governor. About this time (1635) the Plymouth Company had brought themselves into disfavor at home, by their encouragements towards the Puritan colonists in Massachusetts, and the Church party in England gave the Council no little annoyance; that, together with the influence against them by the London Company, compelled the Council to resign their charter. At this time Mason was judge of the courts in Hampshire, and in October was appointed Vice-Admiral of New England, and while preparing to assume the duties of that office he was taken sick and died. His death proved a great discouragement to the lower plantation at Piscataqua. The upper settlement (Northam) under the management of Capt. Thomas Wiggin gained considerable headway, he having induced a number of families from the west of England to settle there. He also brought over the worthy divine, William Leveridge, who, after preaching at Northam two years, was obliged for the want of sufficient support, to remove to Sandwich, Mass. He was succeeded by Rev. Geo. Burdet who soon succeeded in creating considerable jealousy in the minds of the people against Wiggin, the result being the election of Burdet as governor. He, however, not being the possessor of a very robust character fell into bad repute and was forced to return to England, the title of Chief Magistrate falling to one Thomas Gorges. During the time the notable Burdet was in power, Rev. John Wheelwright, from Boston, with a company of followers, located the town of Exeter. That same year (1638) Hampton was settled by a num-

ber of families from the county of Norfolk, England. Among the names of the settlers at Exeter we find those of Marshall, Bates, Wardwell, Cole, Cram, Dearborn, Elkins, Field, Hall, Leavitt, Mathews, Morris, Needham, Read, Seward, Smith, Story, Walker, Wall, Walton, Wentworth, Wilson, and Wright.

The first house erected at Hampton was built by Nicholas Easton.¹ The first inhabitants of the town numbered fifty-six. Among the list we find the familiar names of Palmer, Sargent, Sanders, Molton, Osgood, Batchelor, Johnson, Jones, Sanderson, Davis, Perkins, Dalton, Higgins, Marston, Hayward, Peabody, Taylor, Ward, Fuller, Chase, Clark, Page, Parker, Hendricks, Sanborn, Huntington, and Austin. Hampton became amenable to the laws of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. But John Wheelwright took care of his own little town. Dover and Portsmouth, after the death of their founder, John Mason, each formed themselves into a body politic and signified their allegiance to the crown of England. The first minister at Portsmouth was Richard Gibson, who was sent there from England, and he was followed by Rev. James Parker, of Weymouth, Mass. Thus matters stood, the turmoils in England demanding her entire attention at home. Finally, in the year 1641, these little offshoots, despairing of gaining the help they so much needed from the mother country, decided to unite with the Massachusetts Bay Company, and with their consent sent deputies to that General Court. After an existence of nearly forty years under the general government of Massachusetts, and in order to adjust and put at rest the then existing claims of the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason to the lands embraced in their original grants, the King of England declared New Hampshire an Independent Province and commissioned John Cutt, Esq., President.

The remaining portion of the programme included songs by Mrs. J. A. Rice, and readings by Mrs. K. E. Newhall and Mrs. H. H. Flint. All the selections were given in rare good taste quite to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. D. Edwin Spencer also sang "Simon the Cellarer," receiving a

¹ He afterwards built the first English house at Newport, R. I.

hearty encore, while Mr. Walter G. Ingalls presided at the piano in his usually masterly way.

At the conclusion of the recitations and musical portion of the entertainment, President Palmer introduced Chas. G. Parker as a representative of the Vermonters, with the following words :

Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire, do you not know
How royally your officers were entertained a little while ago
By the Sons and Daughters of Vermont, our neighbors near?
I now present their President, Mr. Parker, who you will gladly
hear.

Mr. Parker responded by saying that he could see no real difference in the people of the two states. The supper, however, was somewhat different, inasmuch as the beans were not so good as those from Vermont. But, seriously speaking, he, was proud to be present at such a gathering and to say a word to the representatives of a sister state one so close that, as he had said, there seemed to be no difference.

Also we were invited to Maine, that State away down east,
To come up here to their banquet—'t was a royal feast ;
But as their President has absconded, yes, run away,
I will call on Vice-President Harris, who always has something
good to say.

Rev. M. H. Harris being introduced as a representative of the Maine Association, said he was also happy to be present, and was enjoying himself. The people from New Hampshire were a sturdy, sure people, and could be told wherever they are seen. The state itself is one of strength, and deserved its name of the "Granite State."

There is one old man who is a native of the state, who is known the world over, and thousands of people have journeyed thousands of miles to gaze on his ever serene old face. He is familiarly known as "The Old Man of the Mountain," and for century upon century he had remained a faithful old sentinel overlooking the valleys of the state.

Finally, my brother, to you I would like to present,
 Hoping that you have heard him, you will ne'er repent.
 He is a true son of the Granite State—this I will declare—
 For when he came into the State, I myself was there.

But he is of age and also more than six feet tall,
 And can speak for himself, I will not, that is all;
 Only to say unlike me, who useth both saw and hammer,
 He is a clergyman, and his name is Charles M. Palmer.

Rev. Charles M. Palmer of New Boston, N. H., and a brother of the president, spoke of the pleasure of coming from such a state into the "Bay State" and seeing so many home people. He then read a poem, written by himself for the occasion.

Remarks were made by one or two others, and then the floor was cleared for the social dance. While this was being done the people had ample opportunity to renew old and make new acquaintances, and the time was quietly passed. The dancing then occupied the remainder of the time, the music being by Riedl's Orchestra, and the floor being in charge of Louis Friendly. The evening was a pleasant one to all, and for a time the thoughts of many were carried back to their younger days in the mother state.

SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.

At the Annual Meeting held in the Library Room of Horticultural Hall, on Monday evening, January 5th, 1885, the following named persons were elected as officers of the Association for the ensuing year:

President, Addison Palmer.

Vice-Presidents, A. H. Fisher, Dr. J. K. Warren, and Mrs. J. W. Hadley.

Secretary, Daniel Seagrave.

Treasurer, Charles B. Newhall.

Executive Committee, Alfred Clifford, Henry Palmer, Dr. H. Y. Simpson, Mrs. H. G. Crane, and Mrs. John Marden.

The subject of the Annual Re-union was considered, and it was voted to hold the same on Friday evening, February 12th, at Horticultural Hall.

At which time the hall contained a large and happy gathering, it being the occasion of the Sixth Annual Re-union of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire, and a very enjoyable entertainment was provided. The President of the Association, Mr. Addison Palmer, and the managing committees were early on hand, and precisely at 7 o'clock, the large company who had assembled in the south ante-rooms and hallways were ushered into the main hall, where tables loaded with substantial edibles and other nourish-

ment, were provided mostly by the "lovely women from the Granite State." Over 200 persons sat down at the tables, and the feast, which occupied nearly an hour, was much enjoyed.

Finally, the President rapped for order, and introduced the general exercises by delivering a brief but hearty address of welcome to all present.

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Sons and Daughters of the Old Granite State:

Another year has passed and we find ourselves for the sixth time assembled together for our Annual Feast of reason and flow of soul, and I bespeak an evening full of pleasure to you all.

Your directors thought best to follow the same general plan of last year, with the exception of having dinner served in this the lower hall where we might sit down together, like a large well-ordered New Hampshire family at their annual Thanksgiving dinner, (we are such a family), and mean to enjoy this feast with our guests, who are most cordially invited to join with us in the festivities of the occasion. The other improvement we hope to make on last year's exercises is to shorten the time occupied in speech-making to five minutes or less, so that as large a number as possible may be heard from without prolonging our exercises to a tiresome length.

As I have no set speech to make, I will content myself with a few remarks concerning those of our number who have deceased since our organization. So far as they were known to me, and as I can learn, are as follows, viz.: Dr. Lemuel B. Nichols, ———; J. W. Wedgwood, Northfield; Mrs. Submit W. C. Fales, Bartlett; H. W. Nutting, New Ipswich; Frank D. Munsey, Concord; Aaron Wingate, Madbury; Dr. H. W. Buxton, Merrimack; Wm. T. McNeil and wife, Antrim; Gerry Hutchinson, Milford; Mr. A. G. Cobb and wife, Westmoreland; F. T. Blackmer, (wife of Lyme).

Of the five first named on the list, I had no personal knowledge, but, so far as I have been able to get their history from others, they were worthy members of society and acted well their part towards making this community the better for their having lived in it.

Of Dr. Buxton, I can say from a long and somewhat personal acquaintance with him, that he was a quiet, industrious, self-made man, fighting disease in his own system, he came out victorious, and then studied hard to prepare himself to heal others of that class of diseases so destructive in New England. He attained to some eminence in his chosen profession, and what was still better he was a good man.

Mr. McNeil, I knew well. He was a man held in high esteem by all who came in contact with him. Being a first-class mechanic, his services were appreciated wherever employed; he proved a valuable citizen as well as a good mechanic. I think the same remarks will apply, substantially, to Mr. Hutchinson, for he was well and favorably known in this community for many years. But I will hasten to say a word concerning a man and his wife who died about two years ago and within a very few days of each other, but who were perhaps not so well known to many of our members, they living in Shrewsbury. I refer to Mr. A. G. Cobb and wife. I think no one knew them but to love them. They were of the best Puritan stock, and lived the Christian lives they professed,—lived happy and died happy,—and the world was the better for their having lived in it.

The last on my list of names is, F. T. Blackmer, our late President, and, as much eulogy was had at the time of his death, I will not attempt to improve on what was so well said then. What is the lesson of these lives that have gone out from us? Is this community better for their having lived in it? I believe it is, and would say, peace to our honored dead, and express the desire that all who are left may act well their part in all that makes up life here, so that when we have joined their number it may be said of us, Well done.

In conclusion the President made complimentary allusions to the invited guests present, who he said had the right hand of fellowship of the natives of New Hampshire extended to them.

Hon. T. J. Hastings was then called upon to respond for the State of Maine. He, after excus-

ing himself on the ground that he was neither the President or first Vice-President, whose duty it was always to respond on such occasions, made very pleasant remarks touching the thrift and industry of the people of his native state. In looking over the faces of a sister association, and recalling his own experience among the natives of Maine and Vermont, it looked as if Worcester had been taken by the people of these three northern states, and it was so years ago, when the city was only a small town. He considered it no empty honor to be present as the representative of the Pine Tree State, glad and proud to associate with the sons and daughters from the granite hills of New Hampshire.

Hon. Charles B. Pratt was then introduced as one of the Overseers of the Poor. He said he was proud of the title and pleased with the introduction; pleased because it was a subject with which he was best familiar. He then proceeded in his inimitable way to tell amusing anecdotes in relation to the people of New Hampshire. One of his stories, although of questionable compliment to the natives of the old granite state, was greatly enjoyed and will well bear repetition. The incident happened during the political excitement preceding the election of 1844, when James K. Polk, a Democrat, and Henry Clay, a Whig, were the candidates for the Presidency. In a corner grocery, way up in New Hampshire, where the matter was under discussion, a friend of Polk said there was no doubt of the latter's election, and a Whig party man was

equally positive of the election of Clay. But there were other persons present who differed from both. An Adventist said that neither of the regular party candidates could be elected, for in the book of prophecy it was plainly stated that the world would come to an end before next election, and then Jehovah would reign at Washington. Suddenly a little chap in the audience spoke up, saying: "P'raps yer right, uncle, but if Jehovah's the man, bet yer a dollar ther aint no one in New Hampshire 'll vote for him."

The speakers who followed included W. A. Gile, Esq., who referred chiefly to the political life in New Hampshire and the heroic patriotism of her sons, exemplified by the conduct of her regiments during the Rebellion. He believed that politics in New Hampshire were more closely and antagonistically debated than in any other state in the Union, and it was to this circumstance that New Hampshire owed the excellent political training of her best men.

Mr. Charles G. Parker responded pleasantly for the natives of Vermont, and Dr. J. K. Warren spoke briefly in regard to New Hampshire, his native state.

The speaking ended about 10 o'clock, after which the remainder of the programme was proceeded with, as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

- MALE QUARTETTE—"Up with the anchor, boys,"
Washburn Quartette.
- RECITATION—"The Sneezer,"
Mr. B. F. Southwick.
- SONG—Selected,
Mr. Geo. L. Sanborn.
- DUET—"Two men of ye olden time,"
Messrs. J. A. Brennan and Percy Forbes.
- QUARTETTE— { *a.* "Up to the mountain top,"
 { *b.* "The dog and the frog."
- GUITAR DUET—Selections,
Messrs. Everett and Welcome.
- RECITATION—Selected,
B. F. Southwick.
- QUAKER DUET,
Maria Hendricks and Arthur Moulton.
- MALE QUARTETTE—Selected,
Washburn Quartette.
- Director, Alfred Clifford. Pianist, Miss Fannie Smith.

The readings as well as the singing were given with much credit to the performers and afforded great pleasure to the listeners. The Quaker Duett was especially interesting. After the close of the progame the floor was cleared for dancing, which was indulged in by about 80 couples until 1 o'clock. Mr. C. B. Newhall was floor director, and Putnam & Babcock's Orchestra furnished music.



MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

BELKNAP COUNTY.

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
CLIFFORD, ALFRED,	Gilmantown,	Worcester.
" HATTIE N., Mrs.,	"	"
DAVENPORT, S. D., Mrs.,	New Hampton,	"
" SAMUEL D.,	"	"
DREW, J. G.,	Barnstead,	"
EMERSON, CHARLES F.,	Alton,	"
" MARTHA,	New Hampton,	"
" WALTER S.,	Alton,	"
GILMAN, ALBERT D.,	Gilmantown,	"
KELLEY, Dr. FRANK H.,	New Hampton,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
MARTIN, F. B.,	Lake Village,	"
NEWHALL, GEO. N.,	New Hampton,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
RUSSELL, E. HARLOW,	Sanbornton,	"
SIMPSON, Dr. H. Y.,	New Hampton,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
SLEEPER, Mrs. Rev. W. T.,	Sanbornton,	"
SMITH, HENRY E., Mrs.	New Hampton,	"
" " "	"	"
SMITH, J. P. F.,	New Hampton,	"
" " Mrs.,	" "	"
WALKER, JOSEPH H.,	"	"
" J. H., Mrs.,	"	"
WOODMAN, DANA,	"	"

CARROLL COUNTY.

CHAMBERLIN, MARY A.,	Wakefield,	Worcester.
CLARK, GEORGE L.,	Sandwich,	"
" S. B.,	"	"
DEARBORN, S. W.,	Ossipee,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
FALES, Mrs. SUBMIT W. C., *	Bartlett,	"
HASKELL, ANNA J., Mrs.,	Conway,	"
" JOHN G.,	"	"
HORNE, ALBERT H.,	Faltonborough,	"
JONES, J. N.,	Wakefield,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"

* Deceased Aug. 7, 1880.

Tuftsborough

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
LINDSEY, HATTIE E., Mrs.,	Brookfield,	Worcester.
" WILSON K.,		"
MOULTON, D. L.,	Sandwich,	"
" A. M.,		"

CHESHIRE COUNTY.

ALLEN, LIZZIE H.,	Keene,	Worcester.
ANDREWS, WILLIAM H.,	Winchester,	"
BACON, BURT,	East Jaffrey,	"
BALDWIN, FREDERIC M.,	Jaffrey,	"
" MRS. A. A.,		"
BARKER, HARRIET E.,	Alstead,	"
" LEVI,	Westmoreland,	"
" MARY,	Winchester,	"
BARRETT, FRANK W.,	Alstead,	"
BENOIT, O. A.,	Walpole,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
BETTERLY, EDWARD S.,	Jaffrey,	"
" MARIETTA E.,	Walpole,	"
BROWN, SARAH E., Miss,	"	"
BUTLER, E. H.,	Troy,	"
BUXTON, JOEL,	Nelson,	"
CHILDS, CHARLES S.,	Westmoreland,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
CLARK, MILTON W.,	Keene,	Oxford.
COBB, A. G.,*	Westmoreland,	Shrewsbury.
" " Mrs.,†		"
CONVERSE, EDMUND A.,	Gilsum,	Worcester.
" JULIUS C.,	Chesterfield,	"
CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM H.,	Keene,	"
DART, A. W.,	Alstead,	"
DEMARY, JAMES L.,	Troy,	"
DRURY, EDSON A.,	Fitzwilliam,	"
" LYMAN,	"	"
" MARTHA,		"
ELLIS, EDWIN O., Mrs.,	Keene,	"
" EDWIN O.,		"
FAWCETT, EDWIN A.,	Surry,	"
" E. A., Mrs.,		"
FAY, Mrs. F. E.,	Alstead,	"
" F. E.,		"
FISHER, A. H.,	"	"
" " Mrs.,‡	"	"
" HENRY E.,	"	"

*Deceased Feb. 24, 1883. †Feb. 17, 1883. ‡Feb. 12, 1885.

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
FISHER, CHARLES H.,	Alstead,	Worcester.
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
FLINT, H. H.,	"	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
FULLER, H. A.,	Dublin,	"
" ANNA C.,	"	"
GATES, MARY A.,	Hinsdale,	"
HEMENWAY, E. PERLEY,	Gilsum,	"
HILL, E. H.,	Swanzey,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
HUBBARD, M. J.,	Chesterfield,	"
" ANNETTE C.,	"	"
HUDSON, SARAH P.,	Swanzey,	"
JENKS, T. SPENCER,	Chesterfield,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
JEWETT, GEORGE A.,	East Jaffrey,	"
LELAND, MRS. ANNA M.,	Fitzwilliam,	"
" GEORGE F.,	"	"
LUCAS, HENRY E.,	Dublin,	"
MANSFIELD, M. E., Miss,	Keene,	"
MARDEN, E. R., Mrs.,	Fitzwilliam,	"
MAYNARD, JOSIE,	Sullivan,	"
MERRIAM, GEO. W.,	Fitzwilliam,	"
MINOT, MRS. E. M.,	Richmond,	"
PIERCE, S. S.,	Jaffrey,	"
PUTNAM, REV. J. J.,	Chesterfield,	"
RICE, MRS. E. K.,	Walpole,	"
" E. K.,	"	"
RUGGLES, MARIA C.,	Chesterfield,	"
SEARS, M. E., Mrs.,	Richmond,	"
SHEPARD, HERMAN O.,	Alstead,	"
SMITH, THOMAS,	Rindge,	"
STOUGHTON, SAMUEL, Mrs.,	Jaffrey,	"
" SAMUEL,	"	"
TATEUM, T. E., Mrs.,	Surry,	"
" T. E.,	"	"
TEMPLETON, MARY A.,	Alstead,	"
TODD, JEHIEL,	Hinsdale,	"
" S. ELIZABETH,	"	"
TRACY, FRANK, Mrs.,	Dublin,	"
TWICHEL, R. A.,	"	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
WHEELER, FRANK,	Chesterfield,	"
WHITE, JONAS,	Nelson,	"
WOOD, ABBIE F.,	Winchester,	"

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
WOODWARD, FRANCIS G.,	Westmoreland,	Worcester.
" F. G., Mrs.,	Roxbury,	"
" D. M., Mrs.,	Swanzy,	"
" D. M.,		"
" EDITH, Miss,	Marlborough,	"

COOS COUNTY.

CRANE, ELLERY B.,	Colebrook,	Worcester.
" E. B., Mrs.,		"
BIGELOW, JULIAN F.,		"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
MUNROE, A. C.,		"
" " Mrs.,	Whitefield,	"

GRAFTON COUNTY.

AXTELL, A. E., Mrs.,	West Lebanon,	Worcester.
" A. E.,		"
BATCHELOR, S. H.,	Bethlehem,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
BLACKMER, FRANCIS T., Mrs.,	Lyme,	"
" FRANCIS T.,*		"
BUFFUM, S. W.,	Grafton,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
CONANT, WILLIAM, Mrs.,	Orford,	"
CULVER, GEORGE E.,	Lyme,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
DRESSER, N. F., Mrs.,		"
EVANS, R. A.,	Piermont,	"
FOSTER, IRVING C.,	Wentworth,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
HADLEY, GILBERT S.,	Orange,	"
" ELIZABETH,	Canaan,	"
" FLORENCE S.,	"	"
" JOHN W.,	Orange,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
HAMILTON, GEO. S., Mrs.,	Canaan,	"
" GEO. S.,		"
INGALLS, GUSTAVUS W.,	Bristol,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
JACOBS, Mrs. J. N.,	Orford,	"
KILBORNE, J. A.,	Danbury,	"
LADD, G. A.,	Haverhill,	"
" " Mrs.,		"

* Deceased January 13th, 1884.

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
LANG, HERBERT M.,	Bath,	Worcester.
MANN, A. G.,	Orford,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
PAINE, W. T., Mrs.,	Plymouth,	Millbury.
PALMER, ADDISON,	Orford,	Worcester.
" " Mrs.,		"
" C. M.,	"	Westminster.
" HENRY,	"	Worcester.
" " Mrs.,		"
" OLIVE A.,	Grafton,	"
PIPER, W. A.,	Holderness,	"
RICE, DEXTER, Mrs.,	Orford,	"
" " "		"
SARGENT, W. R.,	"	Shrewsbury.
SAWYER, WM. H.,	Bath,	Worcester.
" " Mrs.,		"
SARGENT, SIMON B.,	Orford,	"
SEAGRAVE, DELIA E., Mrs.,	Littleton,	"
" DANIEL,		"
SEARLES, EDWIN,	Plymouth,	"
" EMELINE,		"
SLEEPER, REV. W. T.,	Danbury,	"
STARK, LAURA,	Hanover,	"
THOMPSON, ANN,	Enfield,	"
TUCKER, EPHRAIM, Mrs.,	Lyme,	"
" " "		"
UNDERHILL, B. H., Mrs.,	Orange,	"
" LILLIE G.,	"	"
" NELLIE,	"	"
WEBSTER, C. C.,	Enfield,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
WORCESTER, F.,	Thornton,	Grafton.
" " Mrs.,		"

HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY.

ALLEN, G. L., Mrs.,	Milford,	Worcester.
" " "		"
BARRETT, JOSEPH C.,	Wilton,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
" O. B.,	New Ipswich,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
BOUTWELL, GEO. S.,	Lyndeborough,	"
" " Mrs.,		"

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
BREED, W. O.,	Weare,	Worcester.
BRUCE, J., Mrs.,	Wilton,	"
BURTON, FRANK W.,	Milford,	"
BUTLER, CALVIN,	Pelham,	"
" ELIZA F.,		"
" RUTH K.,	Lyndeborough,	"
CHAMBERLIN, JOSEPH,	Milford,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
" WILLIS B.,	Lyndeborough,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
" FRANK,	"	"
" " Mrs.,		"
CLARK, GEORGE H.,	New Ipswich,	"
" CHARLES D.,	" "	"
" DORA H.,	Peterborough,	"
COCHRANE, ALBERTINA G.,	Amoskeag,	"
CRANE, HENRY G., Mrs.,	Bedford,	"
CUTLER, ELLA F.,	Temple,	"
EDWARDS, HENRY F.,	Nashua,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
" M. R., Mrs.,	Goffstown,	"
FALES, JOSEPH E.,	New London,	"
FITTS, ABBY A.,	" "	"
FREEMAN, WM. T., Mrs.,	Greenfield,	"
" CLARA N.,	"	"
GILSON, ELEAZER,	Brookline,	"
GODDARD, E. N., Mrs.,	Sharon,	"
GOEN, CHARLES,	New Ipswich,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
HALL, A. B.,	Mason,	"
HAYDEN, F. R.,	Temple,	"
HUTCHINSON, GERRY,*	Milford,	"
KENDRICK, MARY E. CROSBY,	"	"
KIMBALL, EDWARD,	Manchester,	"
LATHE, M. E.,	Peterborough,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
LANG, FANNIE L.,	Hollis,	"
MCALVIN, ELBRIDGE,	Francistown,	"
MCNEILL, WILLIAM T.,†	Antrim,	"
" " Mrs.,‡		"
NUTTING, H. W.,	New Ipswich,	"
PARKER, J. B.,	Brookline,	"
PHELPS, G. E.,	Manchester,	"
" R. M.,	"	"

*Deceased Jan. 22, 1881. †March 25, 1881. ‡Oct. 30, 1881.

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
PIERCE, GEORGE M., Mrs.,	Peterborough,	Worcester.
" " "	"	"
PORTER, JULIET, Miss,	Manchester,	"
PRENTISS, C. C., Mrs.,	Nashua,	"
QUIMBY, JAMES M.,	Weare,	"
" S. JOSIE,	"	"
SAWIN, GEO. H.,	Mason Village,	"
SPAULDING, HENRY E.,	Wilton,	"
STILES, JENNIE C., Miss,	Nashua,	"
" ISABEL E., "	"	"
SUMNER, GEORGE, Mrs.,	Amherst,	"
" " "	"	"
TAYLOR, ETTIE M.,	New Ipswich,	"
TEMPLETON, FRED. M.,	Bennington,	"
" FANNIE M.,	Hillsborough,	"
TUCK, CHARLES H.,	Nashua,	"
WARREN, DR. J. K.,	Manchester,	"
" MARY A.,	New Boston,	"
WALKER, JOSEPH S.,	Wilton,	"
WHEELER, FRED.,	Peterborough,	"
WOOD, G. E., Mrs.,	Francistown,	"
" ANNIE L., Miss,	"	"

MERRIMACK COUNTY.

ABBOTT, C. C.,	Boscawen,	Worcester.
" " Mrs.,	"	"
" R. A.,	Concord,	"
" ANNIE M.,	"	"
AMBROSE, CHARLES W.,	Boscawen,	"
AMES, M.,	Henniker,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
BUXTON, DR. H. W.,*	Canterbury,	"
" LIZZIE H.,	"	"
CRANE, HENRY G.,	Salisbury,	"
DAMON, CHARLES B.,	Concord,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
DANIELS, A. H., Mrs.,	Loudon,	"
DONALDSON, S. F., Mrs.,	"	"
EASTMAN, JEREMIAH,	Henniker,	"
EMERSON, JOHN N.,	Pittsfield,	"
EMERY, JAMES R.,†	Allenstown,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"

*Deceased Jan. 8, 1883. †May 12, 1883.

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
ESTABROOK, A. G.,	Epsom,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
" W. F.,	"	"
" HATTIE,	Concord,	"
FRYE, WALTER R.,	"	"
GILE, W. A.,	Franklin,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
HAYDEN, F. R., Mrs.,	Boscawen,	"
HOLT, MYRA A.,	Loudon,	"
KILBORNE, WILLIAM H.,	Salisbury,	"
KINNEY, ANN M. F., Mrs.,	Canterbury,	"
" F. J.,	"	"
LAWRENCE, EMMA J.,	Concord,	"
" M. S.,	"	"
MANNING, DAVID,	Sutton,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"
MARBLE, E. T., Mrs.,	Bow,	"
" " "	"	"
MORSE, J. L.,	—	"
MUNSEY, FRANK P.,*	Concord,	"
" E. F.,	"	"
NEWHALL, CHARLES B.,	"	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
" T. FRANK, Mrs.,	"	"
PORTER, WILLIAM ELLIS,	Hookset,	"
REED, H. J., Mrs.,	Canterbury,	"
SCOTT, L. A., Mrs.,	Warner.	"
" W. W.,	"	"
STEVENS, CHARLES EMERY,	Pembroke,	"
THAYER, MARTHA C., Mrs.,	Epsom,	"
" ALDEN,	"	"
TILTON, A. C.,	Concord,	"
WEDGWOOD, JEREMIAH, W.,†	Northfield,	"
WELCOME, I. L.,	Concord,	"
" " Mrs.,	"	"

*Deceased Oct., 1884. †Aug. 24, 1882.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

BARKER, FORREST E.,	Exeter,	Worcester.
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
" JOSIAH G.,	"	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
BARRETT, LUCY C., Miss,	Hampton,	"
" S. ELIZA, "	"	"

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence
BARRI, MARTIN,	Portsmouth,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
BARTLETT, THEODORE H.,	"	"
" " " Mrs.,*		"
CARLTON, MOSES,	Derry,	"
CLARK, RUFUS O.,	Kingston,	"
" " " Mrs.,		"
DEWHURST, GEORGE C.,	"	"
" " " Mrs.,		"
ELLIS, W. C., Mrs.,	Portsmouth,	"
" " "		"
FITTS, BENAIAM,	Candia,	"
HALL, A. B., Mrs.,	Windham,	"
HURD, KATE, Mrs.,	Portsmouth,	"
MARDEN, JOHN F.,	Windham,	"
MUNROE, WILLIAM, Mrs.,*	Portsmouth,	"
" " "		"
MURDOCK, G. R.,	Candia,	"
" " Mrs.,		"
POORE, E. S.,	Raymond,	"
RUNDLETT, G. S.,	Epping,	"

* Deceased, Feb. 24, 1885. † Sept. 19, 1880.

STRAFFORD COUNTY.

BREARD, CHARLES A.,	Somersworth,	Worcester.
" " " Mrs.,		"
BRIGHAM, A. J., Mrs.,	Dover,	"
" E. L.,		"
EVERETT, FRANK O.,	"	"
FLAGG, J. N., Mrs.,	Great Falls,	"
FRIENDLY, LOUIS,	Milton,	"
" CLARA,		"
GAGE, WARNER B.,	Great Falls,	"
HURD, SAMUEL,	Rochester,	Leicester.
MOODY, CHARLES W.,	Dover,	Worcester.
WHITE, FRED. W.,	"	"
WINGATE, AARON,*	Madbury,	"
WOODMAN, CHARLES C.,	Great Falls,	"
" " " Mrs.,		"

* Deceased Sept. 2, 1880.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.

Name.	Place of Birth.	Residence.
CROSBY, JAMES P.,	Croydon,	Worcester.
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
FOREHAND, SULLIVAN,	"	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
GLEASON, J. H.,	—	"
HARDY, FRANK C.,	Cornish,	"
" DELIA M.,	"	"
HARRIS, JAMES B.,	Newport,	"
" EMMA A.,	"	"
HUBBARD, C. A., Miss,	Claremont,	"
LANCASTER, F. E.,	Aeworth,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
LOVELL, HENRY C.,	Washington,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
MONTAGUE, MARY J.,	Newport,	"
" T. A.,	"	"
MCINTIRE, RUFUS N.,	Grantham,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
PAUL, ARTHUR S.,	Newport,	"
" " " Mrs.,	"	"
" RUTH A.,	East Unity,	"
PALMER, M. W., Mrs.,	Cornish,	Westminster.
PATRICK, HATTIE J.,	Claremont,	Worcester.
PIERCE, C. I., Mrs.,	Croydon,	W. Boylston.
PROUTY, S. S., Mrs.,	Charlestown,	Worcester.
SANDERS, GEORGE A.,	"	"
THOMPSON, HIRAM,	Newport,	"
TORREY, EMMA, Miss,	"	"
WARREN, A. A., Mrs.	"	"
WARNER, LILLA F.,	Charlestown,	"
WHEELER, A. C.,	Newport,	"

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